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FIRST-FRUIT OF THE STRIKE.

THE delayed settlement of the strike had such immediate effects as might have been expected from the antecedents of the treaty. A previous failure, which has been sufficiently discussed, had shown that there prevailed on one side what may be most completely described as Gladstonian notions of the meaning of a promise. On the same side there was heard, qualified by occasional formal appeals to the strikers to observe the law, much violent abuse and much threatening. That this was not mere words was made abundantly clear by the undeniable intimidation used by the pickets. With such signs as these to guide an observer who was prepared to use not only his eyes but his sense, it was easy to see that the end of the strike would be but the beginning of new troubles. The stipulation that the so-called "blacklegs" should not be molested was by itself enough to supply the materials of a fresh quarrel. How far the arrangement made with the Dock managers was really acceptable to the men is perhaps doubtful. To judge from much of the shouting heard during the meetings on Sunday they were still for no surrender. On the other hand, they yielded with docility to the orders of Mr. BURNS—when he told them that yield they must, and, moreover, that they must consider themselves to have gained a great victory. The voices, therefore, which were still for war may be more safely taken to indicate that the strikers had not had time to unlearn on the last Saturday night of the strike the formulas they had been taught during its continuance, and so on the last Sunday repeated them by rote while their leader was beginning a new course of instruction. The docility of the strikers to the men who worked the machine was indeed complete. Justice to Mr. BURNS and to his friend "poor little BEN TILLET" (who tells us he had the constructive building up of the strike) demands that their faculty should be recognized. The ability of Mr. TILLET has been mainly seen in the quiet work of constructive building. But Mr. BURNS has shown all the world that he possesses in a considerable degree the qualities of a mob leader. The thoroughly competent strike leader must be businesslike and laborious, and must, moreover, add to the gifts of the tub orator the faculty of the "fighting First Mate." In none of these respects has Mr. BURNS failed, and he has been rewarded by complete success in the work of governing his mob.

It is the defect of success of this kind that it is apt to be temporary and partial. The mob leader is generally found to have instilled a tendency to disorder which lasts, while the control he exercises in favour of moderation is at best effective for a brief interval only. This has again been found to be the case. The strikers returned to work on the understanding that some minor arrangements they desired should be carried out; that the increase of casual pay from 5d. to 6d. an hour should date from the 4th of November; that the men who remained in the service of the Dock Companies, or who joined it during the strike, should not be molested; and that the Companies should not attempt to punish those who had gone on strike. It was obvious at once that the last part of this arrangement rendered the first of no avail to a large percentage of strikers. If the "blacklegs" are not to be driven away, but retained in the service of the Companies as a permanent staff, it follows inevitably that there will be so much the less work to be given to the old body of dock labourers who went on strike. This was an obvious truth, and must, one would think, have been visible even to the Committee of conciliation at the Mansion House. If it was not, the discovery was made on Monday morning. The strikers found that the places of many of them were taken, and that

the rise of wages they had helped to secure would benefit others. Under these circumstances, they behaved as they might have been expected to behave, considering the direct and indirect incitements to disorder by which they have been stimulated for weeks. The direct incitements need no comment. The indirect incitements are of more importance. They have been of various kinds. The subscriptions from Australia and from the emotional people at home, who at all times do so much to perpetuate the pauperism of the East-End by doles, have had a large share in the bad work by attracting and supporting a crowd of loafers to whom the strike pay was a temptation. Not much less effective than the subscriptions has been the patronage given to the strike by the Mansion House Committee. There has been a very great abundance of cant talked of and by this body. It has been praised for its exertions on behalf of the men, without the smallest regard to the surely not unimportant question whether those exertions were directed to an attainable end, or were merely the result of emotional excitement which must infallibly lead to disappointment, and may lead to mischief. The wisdom contained in a certain old saw about the paving of the road to hell has not plainly made its way into many heads in these days. Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON, M.P., for instance, believes—and there are many who believe with him—that his good intentions justify him in encouraging the men to demand what it is a physical impossibility they should obtain, without the smallest regard to what the consequences of the disappointment may be. Mr. BUXTON's colleagues have been worthy of him. The LORD MAYOR and the CARDINAL (that grand old man, as Mr. BURNS calls him, with striking originality) have displayed exactly the same wordy sentimentality, have talked about what the men should have without the least effort to tell them what they can get, and have in general acted and talked throughout as if work and wages could be made to swell indefinitely by sprinkling them with the milk of human kindness. When the unlucky objects of their good will find themselves suddenly left to deal with the facts, and are made to feel by unpleasant experience that work and wages cannot be controlled by the emotions of Lord Mayors and the honeyed eloquence of Cardinals, it is not wonderful that they break out into violence. In the meantime my LORD MAYOR and HIS EMINENCE, who do not find their places taken by blacklegs, soothe their hungry protégés, who now have not even so much as strike pay, by appeals to their feelings, such as Mr. NICODEMUS EASY proposed to direct to the homicidal butler. A prettier illustration of the practical value of sentiments has not been given since the days of Mr. JOSEPH SURFACE.

By far the most effective of the indirect incitements to the disorder which prevailed through so much of this week remains to be named. It is, in plain language, the scandalous toleration which open violence has received from the Metropolitan police. The City force, wherever it has been employed, has been handled as usual—that is to say, as if its duty was not to go behind the simple obligation to maintain order. At Scotland Yard it would seem that other considerations are apparently taken into account. What they may be we need not waste time in guessing; but it is manifest that they are not compatible with the interests of law and order. Riotous scenes have gone on for days, and in every case the police have proved insufficient. Where any stand has been made against the rioters it has been wholly due to the resolution of the Dock officials. Mr. MONRO, indeed, excuses himself on the ground that his subordinates have not applied for reinforcements. In particular he alleges that the superintendent whose duty it would have been to apply for more men for the Albert Dock expressly asserted that no more men were wanted, and that there was no disorder. Mr. MONRO holds that this report ex-

cuses him completely. We put a different interpretation upon it. To us it seems to prove that Mr. MONRO's most pressing duty at present is to institute a rigid inquiry into the conduct of the superintendent. For the truth is that not only did the rioting go on all through Tuesday at the Albert Dock, but that it had begun on Monday evening. It has been so far successful that many of the "blacklegs" have been frightened away, and that the Company has been compelled to hide the others. In any case, an official who felt that he was responsible for the maintenance of order ought—without waiting to shield himself behind his subordinates—to have taken measures to deal with the disorder which he ought to have seen was probable. Mr. MONRO has taken another course, and one which makes his estimate of the duties of Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police almost as unintelligible as Mr. MATTHEWS's interpretation of the words "organized intimidation." The somewhat acrimonious correspondence which has passed between him and Mr. NORWOOD certainly leaves the impression that the CHIEF COMMISSIONER thinks it no part of his duty to take measures of precaution, but is quite prepared to wait till a riot has happened before tackling disorder. If that is his opinion, it is intelligible certainly, but it is also the very worst conception of his duty which an official in his position could possibly form.

SOME MORALS OF THE STRIKE.

THE "blackleg" difficulty seems to have come to an end, and the great strike of 1889 is over. Five weeks it lasted, or thereabout; and, though its long duration occasioned great loss, there are some good reasons for satisfaction that, if success was certain, it was yet delayed. By the time that Messrs. TILLET and BURNS's men were seen chasing "blacklegs" up and down the dock quays opportunity for reflection had come in; and it has now become a pretty general discovery, we believe, that error and misconception were largely mixed up with the discussion of the matter.

It cannot be said that the all but universal sympathy amidst which the strike began was unworthy—far from it; but that it was in a great measure mistaken, unfortunate, unpromising, is nevertheless true. This we shall see as soon as we begin to inquire into the origin of it. Then we shall understand that the public mind had long been preparing for some such outburst of sympathy with East-End poverty in revolt, and was ready to "go off" without much investigation into the particular circumstances that provoked an explosion. We say, "with East-End poverty," being convinced that, if this had been a strike of boot-makers at Northampton or tailors at Huddersfield (or even at Turnham Green, for that matter), there would have been no such outpouring of sympathy as the dock labourers of East London profited by. The explanation is that for years past the horrors of life in that squalid region had been the subject of description which when it was restrained was terrible enough, and when the "picturesque" writer went to work upon it became appalling to kindly and sensitive minds. More lately the sweating trades—the trades in which thousands of poor men, women, and children compete with immigrant Jews under middlemen and job-masters—have been put under the spy-glass, and such reports have been made that no humane man can read them without distress; while as for remedy, remedy seems more remote the more it is sought after. Now, from the fact that East-End poverty is most glaring at the dock gates, where hundreds of broken wretches may be seen waiting from hour to hour in all weathers for the chance of earning a shilling; from the extremely "casual" nature of the employment; from the actual fight there is for it; from the constant inclusion of dock labourers in all the picturesque accounts of "misery at the East-End"; and also, perhaps, from the fact that the Dock Companies are supposed to be wealthy corporations, the dockers became classed in the public fancy with those who suffer by the "sweating system." When, therefore, these labourers struck for a penny an hour more, as well as to enforce other demands (some reasonable, some absurdly unreasonable), they at once received the benefit of all the impatience at "sweating" which had long been accumulating in the public mind.

But there was a mistake here. It is not only that the Dock Companies have a right to obtain labour as cheaply as it can be got, just as the labourers have a right to strive by

every orderly and lawful means to raise the rate of wages. Nobody denies that, except the crazy preachers of Socialism, and some other persons of whom we shall have a word to say presently. The point is that the employer's right does become odious when sweating for the sake of better profits is suspected; and where that suspicion comes in, sympathy with the labourer in contest with the employer is certain and irrepressible. In this case, however, the idea of association with the sweating system was groundless. Nothing of the kind existed. The unfortunate truth is that outside the dock gates a superfluity of unskilled labour always stands waiting for employment, and that a very large part of it is not what it is commonly supposed to be. The general idea of a dock labourer is of a stalwart though ill-fell man, eager for work, capable as eager, and, therefore, deeply to be pitied if he can only get 5d. an hour for the brief occasional times of employment. A considerable proportion of such men there are, no doubt; and they are to be pitied deeply. But the rest? It is a painful but a true thing to say that they are of a very different order. Large numbers of them are wretched, broken-down creatures—failures in all sorts of soft callings, and not always failures from misfortune either—who certainly look as if their labour must be of very little worth. Others belong to a class of which there are thousands in London as well as in every other great city; men to whom four hours' work a day is more welcome than eight, and who are content to earn enough for their own bread and beer, habitually depending for the rest on the labour of their wives. We know, of course, what some folk will say to this. The cynics of the *Saturday Review* are at it again—traducing the working classes now, and insulting the miseries of the poor. That we must put up with. The truth of the matter is not to be concealed on that account; and the business in hand is to show where a very natural and kindly sympathy has been in error. On its own merits, there was nothing to differentiate the Dock dispute from a hundred similar struggles over a question of wages; and if some of the men deserved more commiseration than the average miner, mason, or cutler on strike, nobody who knows them will deny that others deserved much less.

How far the general sympathy with the strikers—which went far beyond anything of the kind ever before observed—testifies to the spreading of a vague Socialistic sentiment is a matter of more serious importance. One thing is certain. The same sort of persons who a little while ago used to chatter in their thousands about Esoteric Buddhism have taken to the Socialistic Ideal very much of late. They talk of it plentifully, possibly many of them think about it, dwell upon it, and are moved by speculations and theories which would be entirely captivating if they were not barren for everything but anarchy and ruin. Something of this sort may be suspected; and if rightly suspected, here is error indeed. However, the strike lasted long enough, and developed incident enough, to correct a sentimentalism which must evaporate altogether as soon as it is approached by the tests of experience. The true and thoroughgoing Socialist rejoiced when he thought he saw how very possible it was to paralyse the whole trade of London, to reduce this great city to idleness, darkness, and semi-starvation in about three weeks, by a grand combination of labour against capital. The same vision was brought before the sentimentalizing Socialist in something more than a dream. A glimpse of it in sheer actuality was presented to him; and the consequence must almost certainly have been a purgation of vapours in the brain. A similar lesson must have been conveyed to him when he contemplated those hundreds of "blacklegs" penned in a corner like a flock of frightened sheep, while a "cordon of sixty police-men" stood between them and maiming or murder. Second thoughts in abundance have been provided by the whole course of the affair; as, again, when the question arises whether a body of men anxious to do the work that is offered to them have not a claim to the protection of the police when they are violently attacked by other men for selling their own labour at their own choice. At first sight it looks as if the citizen had a right to as much protection as that at least; and as if the State that refused it would open the door to social anarchy. However, there is plenty of time to ponder these second thoughts in peace and quietness, and we hope it is possible to come to right conclusions about them without denying pity to the poor or help to the distressed.

THE SPOOKICAL CONGRESS.

AT last there is something worthy of the Paris Revolutionary Centenary Exhibition. The reports do not say how many persons, in the sense of live, common, material, fourth-round persons, attended the Spookical Congress; but it does not much matter, because Mr. HENRY LACROIX was there, having come from New York as the authorized "representative of twelve millions of American spirits." If twelve million spirits, attending through their representative, are not enough to make a Congress, there would never be any Congresses. The delegation of Mr. LACROIX, by the way, throws a new light on spooks. It may plausibly have been imagined that spooks were denationalized; but it would seem that it is not so, since the twelve million were all Americans. Whether this means that in their most recent incarnations they were American citizens, or that they had never condescended to be incarnated at all save in that glorious capacity, or that, without reference to any fourth-round lives they may have led here, they are American by choice, simply as spooks, it is vain for ordinary men to speculate. We have it that they were American, and very grateful for the privilege they ought to be, and no doubt are. But the twelve million in one were not all. There were Captain VOLPI and M. LÉON DILLY, and M. MIGUEL VIVET, and M. DELAUNE, junior. We have searched the list in vain for the revered name and style of Captain BUMPKINS, but there was M. JULES LERMINA, and he was the chairman, although he is an avowed "Materialist," which was considered very remarkable and interesting.

Like all the other Congresses, they were divided in opinion. Happily, there was no conflict between the three great sub-divisions, which generally fight so furiously among themselves, of Theosophists, Spiritualists, and exponents of Spookical Research. This may have been because they had all wisely determined, for this happy occasion, to compose their differences—which are not really differences at all—or because the Spiritualists, thanks, presumably, to the overwhelming majority of M. LACROIX, were present in such numbers as to have everything their own way. The division was upon the question whether or no it was expedient for the Congress to "affirm the principle of the existence of 'God.'" M. LÉON DILLY said that if they did not "spiritualism would be decapitated"; but Spiritualism seems to have thought otherwise, because, when M. MIGUEL VIVET, from Barcelona, spoke to the resolution in the affirmative sense, "as soon as the words were translated, they 'were received with cries of 'No.'" It is to be hoped that the cries of "No" were speedily translated to M. VIVET, and convinced him and M. DILLY of their error. It would be too horrible to suppose that their view could be correct, inasmuch as it would clearly have involved the decapitation of upwards of twelve million spirits.

This difficulty having been got over, M. DELAUNE, junior, read a paper, and "laid especial stress upon the researches of Dr. CROOKES in England." Dr. CROOKES's researches are commonly believed to have enabled him to hold the most interesting intercourse with denizens of the spirit world, and such as might well excite the respectful emulation of M. DELAUNE, junior, or Mr. Anybody, junior. M. DELAUNE also pointed out that whereas it had been alleged [by the divine WILLIAMS, for example] "that a man ceased to live when his brain was 'dead,' the fact was, that 'when the brain was gone' [we have a sneaking preference for "brains were out" ourselves], 'there still existed a thinking individuality, 'combined with which was a fluidic substance, termed the 'perespirit, that might be described as the organic part of 'the soul.'" The thinking individualities of many spiritualists, whether combined with perespirit or taken neat, are certainly in the habit of flourishing about a good deal after there is every indication of the brains being out. (Observe the superior accuracy in this connexion of "out" as compared with "gone." WILLIAMS knew what he was writing about.) Mr. DELAUNE, junior, appears to be a gentleman of much worldly intelligence.

Among the objects of interest submitted to the Congress were a number of photographs of spooks in different stages of decay. "They were genuine photographs." Of course they were. So many people understand photography nowadays that it is probably much easier to procure a photograph than a drawing cunningly contrived to look like one. They showed a medium, sitting in a chair, surrounded by "ghostly faces, more or less distinct." In one there were

"two children in the air." In another, "looking over 'the sitter's shoulders [both of them?], was the face of an 'old man, startlingly life-like in expression, but otherwise 'most unearthly.'" They appear to have been the sort of photographs which anybody can procure at any photographer's, and which any owner of a camera can take, wherein the person got up as a ghost softly and suddenly withdraws before the end of the period of exposure, with the result that his or her image comes out transparent and rather dim, the other party in the picture coming out solid and wearing a suitable expression of amazement, terror, remorse, or complacent proprietorship, as the composition may require. Mr. Titular-Chairman, JULES LERMINA, however, gave a different explanation. He said the apparent spooks were not spooks—at least, not independent ones, nor were they half-cooked photographs of real people. They were "emanations of the medium's 'mind—in other words, phenomena of psychic force.'" This, of course, is a view like another, and no doubt a titular chairman is entitled to his opinions. It is, however, only a particular instance of M. JULES LERMINA's general theory on the subject, which is, that spooks have—as an old-fashioned metaphysician might say—no objective existence at all, but are the products, and more or less under the control, of people who are alive in the ordinary way. Not specially gifted people either, for the titular chairman is reported to have avowed that "he looked upon mediums 'generally as people in a poor state of health.'" Now, the great point upon which spookologists of all three subdivisions are thoroughly agreed is that spooks are—again to revert to the old slang—objective. Likewise they are all agreed that the seers and other percipients of spooks and their proceedings, far from being *ipso facto* in a poor state of health, are privileged and peculiarly interesting. Therefore it would seem that M. JULES LERMINA is a heretic, and wholly unfit to preside at a Spookical Congress.

THE COMING FRENCH ELECTIONS.

ON the eve of the French general elections there is one thing, and one only, which can be asserted in regard to them with any confidence, and it is the apathy of the country. The confident assertions of parties and candidates are not worth considering. They are only part of the shouting in the great political game of brag. In the present, as in various games in which timely audacity is a sign of skill, these bettings on the hands are only the manœuvres of the players to mislead the adversary as to what they really hold. Until the cards are tabled it is idle to guess at them. It is, in fact, the distinguishing feature of this election that the struggle is being conducted on entirely false issues. Not one of the parties has honestly declared what it wants. The Moderate Republicans who have the least cause for concealment are not quite frank. The Radicals are undeniably hiding their real intentions. The Royalists and Bonapartists are certainly not declaring half their mind. What the Boulangists really mean they probably do not know themselves, and certainly nobody else does. The explanations of M. THIÉBAUD only illustrate the hopeless muddle of head among his late friends, and the continuance of that muddle in the mind of M. THIÉBAUD himself. The Bishops have done something to drag the truth out, but the effect of their frankness has as yet only been to make the candidates more reserved. No principle, no theory of government, no administrative question which can be named is manifestly at stake, to judge at least by the language of candidates. Neither is there any personal conflict between leaders which could supply the stimulus needed to rouse the country. On the contrary, the events of the last few months have tended to depress what possible party leaders there were. General BOULANGER is certainly less formidable than he was, and in his decline he seems to have dragged down M. CLÉMENTEAU, to whom he largely owed his rise. The eclipse of M. CLÉMENTEAU is, indeed, one of the most noteworthy signs of the times. A few months ago he appeared to have a career before him, and yet, without any great shock, without any defeat which can be quoted, he has entirely fallen into obscurity. His misfortune is the most striking instance of the fragility of French political reputations. M. BRISSON, who also was counted as a future leader, collapsed, it is true, with amazing suddenness, but he, at least, had time to fail in office. M. CLÉMENTEAU has not done even that.

Amid the prevailing doubt as to what the fight is for,

and in the absence of leaders, the indifference of the country is intelligible. It is very hard for a convinced Royalist to show any zeal when his party has to sink its principles for the time being, and adopt a programme made up by borrowing the divine right of *plébiscites* from the Bonapartists and the sanctity of Revision from the Boulangists, and when he is forced to rub shoulders with such very disreputable allies. This kind of compromise comes perhaps more easily to the Bonapartist, but even he must feel an occasional qualm when he remembers that his Boulangist allies are sure that the *plébiscite* which they both believe in will confirm the Republic, while he himself is bound to feel sure that it will restore the Empire. It is, however, not a little difficult to believe that there is any belief in principle at all, as it was understood by an older generation, in the French parties of to-day. To judge from their actions, if not their words, the real motive power which urges them on is not so much a belief in any particular form of government as a detestation of what government they have now. They are so sick of this, so ready to get rid of it, that they patch up alliances among parties of the most various principles by the admission of direct contraries. Their object is simply to make a coalition which will last over the general election, and will serve to ruin the "Parliamentary Republicans." What is to follow nobody can know, and nobody for the present seems greatly to care. A species of blight has descended on the political faculty of Frenchmen—corresponding to the very similar infliction which is choking their literature. There is on all things and men in politics a chilling damp which has ruined all originality, all strength of will, and has deprived them of the power to escape from the miserable old routine which has now bound them for so long. The process most admirably described in the French language as paying oneself with words has become universal. In all the late debate no single utterance has been so honest as that of the Bishop of AUTUN, who has not scrupled to declare, in defiance of M. THÉVENET'S bullying circular, that no Christian can vote for the ecclesiastical policy of the Republicans. Whether the frankness of the Bishop of AUTUN and his brother bishops will do them any good remains to be seen; but at least they have set a good example. They at least have not indulged in vague phrases, dishonest suppressions, and equivocal promises, but have stated with precision what measures and what manner of government they detest and what they prefer. It cannot be said that even the Moderate Republicans, though, as we have said, they have least to conceal, are quite frank. M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE has succeeded in drawing from one of their leaders a confession that even he is prepared to revise ultimately, though he would rather not do so at once.

The correspondence between M. DE LAVELEYE and M. PAUL DESCHANEL is, indeed, most characteristic of that very process of paying oneself with words already mentioned. The Belgian publicist writes to assure his French friend how much he agrees with him that it would be very mad to set about revising the Constitution at the present crisis, and then goes on to show how it could be greatly bettered if the time suited. M. DE LAVELEYE mentions six points in which improvement would be possible. Partial renewals of the Chamber of Deputies by yearly fifths, shorter Sessions, and a stronger Senate are the principal points of his new charter. He ends up with a noble phrase, which it would be a pity indeed to spoil by compression or translation. We give it, therefore, in all the unsullied dignity of the original:—"Dans l'intérêt de la démocratie et de la république, donner partout l'autorité à l'expérience, à la sagesse et à la science." M. PAUL DESCHANEL agrees with M. DE LAVELEYE both as to the unfitness as to the time and the excellence of the reform. He is also of opinion that the younger candidates, who are now compelled to consult the prejudices of the constituencies, will shortly show their philosophic courage by throwing overboard the worn-out Jacobin platitudes about the beauties of uniformity and equality. When they are elected we dare say they will—a seat on horseback is often found to have an elevating effect on the minds of such as heretofore went on foot. But the philosophic young candidates are much less interesting to us than the enduring belief of such men as MM. DE LAVELEYE and DESCHANEL in what M. THIESS called *Chinoiseries*. It is obvious to everybody who does not forget that after all a machine must be worked by a mechanician that the French Chambers, whether they are renewed by general election or by partial, will be just as good as the choice of the electors and the faculty of the elected will permit them to be. If

the French nation is prepared to support the present form of government, to elect competent deputies, and to insist on the pursuit of a definite policy, it can do so under the present Constitution. If it is not, no mechanical devices will save that Government from coming down by the run whenever it is attacked. It is curious, too, that M. PAUL DESCHANEL should not have reflected that, if a fifth of the Chamber of Deputies had been elected in the early part of the year when the popularity of Le *brav' Général* was in flood, it is extremely probable that he would have secured a following of sixty or seventy members in the House, which would have been enough to give him a casting vote in the existing division of parties. In that case how would a partial renewal have tended to give stability to the Republic? But what is even more curious in M. PAUL DESCHANEL'S comment on M. DE LAVELEYE'S plan is his confession that even he, though opposed to division, is not a believer in the present Constitution; he only detests those who are attacking it. So the result of the general election must be to bring together a Chamber in which a majority of the members will in all probability be new men, in which there may be a majority for a division, and in which there can hardly be any sincere devotion to the existing Constitution.

KURDS AND ARMENIANS.

WE may, we trust without suspicion, acknowledge that some faculty of swallow is required by him who would accept Woods Pasha's long plea for justice to Turkey printed in Wednesday's *Times*, and the Turkish version of the story of GULISAR, in all their details. Woods Pasha goes near to spoil a defensible case by exceedingly fallacious comparisons. There is really not even a formal resemblance between the criminal disorders which exist in the best policed societies and the anarchy of a province in which unarmed people of one race and religion are left at the mercy of armed men of other blood and other creed. There is further a profound difference between a nation which has never allowed to another a right of interference in its private affairs and the nation which has been compelled to submit to this indignity. It is, therefore, fallacious to more than the verge of absurdity to attempt to rebut the charge that anarchy is allowed to go on unchecked in Armenia by retorts about the Whitechapel murders and so forth. This is, moreover, an unfortunate style of argument because it would be so easy and so much more to the point to defend the SULTAN'S Government by proving that it does its best to keep the promises it made as to the administration of Armenia. It is also open to Woods Pasha and other defenders of Turkey to ask to what end the Armenian atrocity agitation is kept up and for whose benefit. These are questions which the managers of the agitation might find it somewhat difficult to answer. As for the Turkish version of GULISAR'S story, it proves that the girl was restored to her family, but it also shows that she was first taken away; and that, as soon as she could speak with safety, she asserted that, in spite of her alleged conversion to Mahometanism, she was still a Christian. Even according to this story it appears that there is considerable disorder in those parts of Armenia which have the ill fortune to be within reach of Kurdish raiders.

We have yet to learn, however, that any one not absolutely ignorant of the facts denied this assertion. Competent witnesses have been known to declare that the most essential difference, as far as the traveller is concerned, between Kurd and Arab is that, whereas the second robs but does not murder unless provoked, the first always adds murder to robbery. He is a pillaging ruffian, and always has been—rather worse than better than those tribes on the North-West frontier of India against whom we have to send periodical expeditions. It is a distinguishing feature of the Kurd that he seems to have a love of killing where nothing is to be gained by it. No doubt men of this race have committed many crimes, and many wives have been carried into the mountains along with herds of black cattle after a fashion not extinct on the Highland border a hundred and fifty years ago. There are unquestionably Kurdish chiefs who are much what SIMON FRASER, LORD LOVAT, was, and who also would be greatly improved if they could be shortened by the head. But, while all that is true, it does not follow that Turkey should therefore be deprived of a

province. To what end would that be done, and to whose benefit? The sagacious foreign observer, who knows that all this English sympathy with oppressed peoples is part of a wily scheme to secure allies for England, has discovered that the Armenian atrocity agitation is only another attempt to form another Bulgaria. There might be worse things in the inland parts of Asia Minor than another Bulgaria, but we doubt the power of Armenia to take the place, if only for this reason—that we do not see what equivalent it could receive for that foreign support which has hitherto protected the real Bulgaria from Russian attack. The Armenians might like to try their luck, but they can hardly expect to be helped to the experiment as long as it might only redound to the benefit of a third party whose name suggests itself at once. It is significant of the final cause of this agitation that it should be undertaken on behalf of a people whose country lies so conveniently on a possible Russian road of advance. The Armenians are by no means the least able to defend themselves among the Christian subjects of the Porte. They are a pushing trading people, who are to be found in possession of many places of trust and power in the Turkish Empire. The public offices in Constantinople are full of them, and they have abundant means of bringing their grievances to the attention of the SULTAN. As a matter of fact, they have secured attention at this very time, and undoubted efforts have been made to give them protection and redress. If they have not been more successful, it is because of the unfortunate weakness of the Turkish Government. Why, then, should they be the objects of particular sympathy? The answer is not far to seek, and it is just because it is so obvious that the agitation has fallen so very flat.

MOTHER GOOSE IN PARIS.

THEY order these things much better in France. Here in England, where the beautiful and touching world Folklore was invented, the London County Council does next to nothing for it, and the children of Ma Mère l'Oye never frivel in a friendly way. In Paris, during the Exhibition, the happy folklore people of Europe met at the Mairie of the Sixth Arrondissement itself with every circumstance of gratifying solemnity. The topic of Gipsy Folklore was discussed, and Mr. CHARLES LELAND, as Président d'honneur, delivered an address on a topic which (like so many other unfamiliar topics) he has made his own. Happily, Mr. LELAND is no less at home with the polished language of MOLIÈRE and BOSSUET, not to mention BOURGET, than with the dialects of the Algonkin Indians. Few of us can say more to a Delaware or Mohican than *Ho, Nitchi Shangawaba?* which, being interpreted, means "Ah, friend, whisky!" Mr. LELAND can "see" that elementary, though festive and fraternal, form of greeting, and "go one better" as between Algonkin and Algonkin. In French he is even more fluent, and a lucky thing it was, for we doubt if many of his learned audience would have known much more of gipsy manners than they did before, had HANS BREITMANN spoken in English. It is pleasant to see gipsy folklore coming to the front, as it may possibly clear up, more or less, the many puzzles offered by the history and origin of a people useful to the poet, and almost indispensable to the self-respecting novelist. We should, perhaps, be told that the fairies who used to steal children at nurse were really only gipsies, and that TAMLANE had not been dwelling with the Fairy Queen, but only with JOHNNY FAA at Yetholm. This euhemeristic "shot" is quite as good as the recent guess that mermaids were only Finnish women, whom the impulsive Shetland shepherds, "set far amid the melancholy main," met, combing their hair, and fell in love with. Some wisecrack seems to have started this hypothesis, and by parity of reasoning, as mermaids are Finnish women, fairies are gipsies. Mr. LELAND may work out the problem as he pleases. His audience included the flower of French folklore and M. CHARLES MARELLE from Berlin, whose own amusing studies in poetry for children are a joy to the grown-up world when it reads them. We also recognize the COMTE DE PUYMAIGRE under the title of "Puyniargre." Some folklore fun is meant when we read "M. KROHN 'décoose sur le bureau les principaux ouvrages relatifs au 'folklore Finnois.' " "Décoose" is good, and suggests that the printer had been revelling with the children of Mother Goose. They had a very jolly dinner, and not only sang songs in all dialects, danced dances of all nations, but, it is

believed, related popular anecdotes "in the best manner" and the seemliest." Who ever heard of English folklorists revelling, telling tales, singing, and generally remembering that folklore has its gaieties as well as its glooms? Life is not all vampires, witches, spooks; there be maypoles and maskings. English folklore wants conviviality. We never hear of Mr. GOMME dancing a bolero, nor of Mr. MAX MÜLLER obliging with a Vedic hornpipe after a Soma breakfast. It is quite in vain that the President invites the members to a Totem dance in costume—that is, in fox, cat, and dog skins. The Welsh folklorists do not "bundle" at their solemn meetings—in fact, British folk-lore is rather sepulchral than festive. The example of France might well be followed, and when a Congress of International Folklorists meets in England we do hope to hear that the science has become a little gay. It would only be in keeping if M. COSQUIN and any English opponent settled their little differences with the gloves, for *le boze* is distinctly part of our national folklore. Then fancy a folklore fishing-party, to try all WALTON's magical baits! Ivy juice, mummy powder, the fat of a black cat, and other simple ingredients, might be made matter of experiment. The folklorists could not catch fewer fish with all WALTON's recipes than they generally do with ordinary flies. The field of festal folklore, in short, is just about to be opened, and the pleasures of pedantry may soon become popular in the largest sense of the term.

COMING ELECTION PROSPECTS.

IT is not often that three contemporaneous elections which promise to be so interesting as the contests for Peterborough, for North Bucks, and for Nairn and Elgin, offer so uncertain a prospect of instruction to the political meteorologist. Each or all of them might conceivably result in a victory for either side without giving the victors reasonable ground for congratulating themselves on any material improvement in the general electoral outlook for their party. The Unionists, for instance, might either win or lose Peterborough without having much cause for exultation in the one case or for depression in the other. If they win, they will only be retaining a seat already held by them, and in the contest for which their candidate will have enjoyed the advantage of powerful local influence. If, on the other hand, it should be captured by their opponents, they will be fairly able to console themselves by the reflection that the great family which has for so many years provided the constituency with a member has in this instance furnished no candidate for its representation, and that an election for Peterborough not contested by a FITZWILLIAM must differ widely on that ground alone from previous contests. Again, if Mr. HUBBARD is returned for North Bucks, he will be simply securing the succession to a seat which his brother had held before him, and which he has contested, therefore, with that advantage—no slight one in many constituencies—in his favour. If, on the other hand Captain VERNEY should be returned, he will be merely repeating the victory which he won in 1885, and continuing the seesaw between Liberalism and Conservatism which North Bucks has now kept up through a series of three contested elections. In Elgin and Nairn, indeed, the significance of the issue will not be qualified by any accidental considerations; but there the majority of 1886 is so small a one—only a little over a hundred—on a total poll of between three and four thousand—that its transfer from the Gladstonian to the Unionist side would not, even in Scotland, be any very tremendous portent. As for the contest for the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, we have purposely excluded it from the list of events which are likely, in racing parlance, to "give us a 'line'"; since nothing but the very improbable event of Mr. CHAPLIN's defeat could possibly make it serve that purpose. If the result of the very ungracious opposition to the re-election of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of AGRICULTURE should be merely to reduce his majority more or less considerably, it will inform us of nothing but what everybody knew before—namely, that it is extremely difficult to get the supporters of a candidate who is supposed to command a vast preponderance of the votes of a constituency to trouble themselves to come to the poll, especially at a by-election, in anything like the strength which they would show if the contest was expected to be close.

No doubt, however, it is possible that in the other three cases the issue of the election may, under certain circum-

stances, prove more significant than we have here assumed to be probable. If victory and defeat for either party mean little in themselves, they might, of course, be gained or suffered in such a form as to mean, or, at any rate, to be capable of meaning, much. Should the close contests of the last election be converted into "hollow affairs" in this—and more especially so if that change accompanies the transfer of the seat from one party to the other—no doubt the political meteorologist will be ready at once with his "moral." He is to be found on both sides of politics, and on the Unionist side he would, of course, exult as much at a crushing defeat of Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY—if that enterprising land-nationalizer is permitted to go to the poll—by Mr. LOGAN, as he would rejoice on the Gladstonian side at the wresting of Peterborough from "the FITZWILLIAMS," or, if that could be conceived possible, the ousting of Mr. CHAPLIN from his seat for the Sleaford Division. If anything startling or sensational is destined to occur at any of the four elections now pending, we shall do well to prepare ourselves at once for copious "improvements of the occasion" by those theorists who think it possible to forecast the issue of the next appeal to the constituencies at large from the results of by-elections. That dark and doubtful science, however, will seldom, it appears to us, have been practised under more unfavourable conditions than at present. Our own belief is that, now that even Gladstonians feel that they have ridden the Irish horse to death, and have ceased flogging it, the popular interest in politics has sunk to its very lowest point—as it generally does, indeed, when we reach, as we have now, the *mezzo cammin* in the life of a Parliament. And we consequently believe that the results, whatever they may be, of the four approaching contests will have as little meaning or bearing upon the position of parties and the political future as it is possible for such events to possess.

PICNIC PHILOSOPHY.

THE University of Oxford has lately been enlarging its borders by a kind of educational Primrose League. The public is invited to the ancient halls during the Long Vacation, and there is entertained by lectures on every conceivable and inconceivable subject. It is a vast "Re-surrection Pie" of information that Oxford sets before her inquiring guests, a hash, or *salmi*, of archaeology, chemistry, political economy, history, philology, and nobody knows what.

Among the many cooks who combine in the preparation of this broth Mr. MAX MÜLLER is probably the most skilful. The three lectures which he gave, called *The Science of Language* (LONGMANS), are really models of pleasant popular exposition. The weariest and weakest mind, hurrying from a lecture on Molecules, and speeding to another on Protozoa, may have listened to Mr. MAX MÜLLER and been amused. Nobody however totally ignorant beforehand, no capacity however "excruciatingly feeble," could have been quite missed by these addresses. The stupidest must have learned something.

What persons hardly so untaught will learn is, that Mr. MAX MÜLLER is of his own opinion still, that he still in one breath calls himself a Darwinian, and speaks of the creation of Man. "Man is a species created once," he quotes from himself, as a proof that he "was a Darwinian long before 'DARWIN'—that is, four years before the publication of *The Origin of Species*. Who is to argue with a believer in the special creation of man, who yet calls himself a Darwinian? But Mr. MAX MÜLLER is not only conscious of being an Evolutionist when he talks of Creation, he is also (apparently) unconscious of it when he really is an Evolutionist. In these lectures he returns to his old thesis that language is the barrier between Man and Beast, and yet, as is usual with him of late, he shows that Man was once without language. Then what was Man? If Man be a beast, plus language, and the thought which language makes possible, when he was minus language was he not a beast? And if that be so, how can the possession of speech be, between Man and Beast in the past, an impassable barrier? Mr. ROMANES argues that the barrier has been crossed—that a non-speaking animal evolved speech. Mr. MAX MÜLLER is, at bottom, of the same opinion. He still attributes the origin of roots to the *clamor concomitans* of early beings engaged in various kinds of common labour. "With regard to the sounds accompanying our motions, we know

"from physiology that, under any strong muscular effort it is a relief to the system to let our breath come out strongly and repeatedly, and by that process to let the vocal chords vibrate in different ways. That is the case with savages, and it is the case even with us. These natural sounds accompanying our acts are called *clamor concomitans*." And these sounds, after a time, became signs of common action, and so grew to be roots. Hence language.

What was man before he engaged in common labour, before he ploughed and dug and wove in common? for these advanced processes have actually been given as examples of what man did before he had speech. If Mr. MAX MÜLLER is right, man was then a beast, which is exactly what Mr. ROMANES would say. Then man was developed out of a beast; but that is exactly what Mr. MAX MÜLLER will not hear of. In the meantime modest inquirers would like a collection of examples of common labour and *clamor concomitans* among savages; but for this absolutely indispensable historical basis of his theory they ask Mr. MAX MÜLLER in vain. He would have to call the savage into court as a witness to what man was in remote ages. He objects to the witness, and yet he falls back on a vague account of what the witness would say if he were called. For our part, we think that the origin of language, as of religion, is far beyond the ken of science; but we feel pretty sure that Mr. MAX MÜLLER's theory is a piece of picnic philosophy. But even picnic philosophy may excite thought and lead the guests of Oxford's feast of reason to more serious things. That is the one excuse for the picnic.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE "MODERATE GLADSTONIANS."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S appeal at Huddersfield to the "Moderate Gladstonians" may have been designed as a serious attempt at political persuasion or as a mere stroke of controversial rhetoric. Its rhetorical effectiveness is conspicuous enough, and needs no better illustration than the fact that most of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Radical critics in the press, though, as usual, gnashing their teeth with fury at his utterances, and relieving their minds with the wonted flow of insults, have been uniformly careful not to venture on any direct reply to the appeal in question. It is in fact unanswerable by any one who is not prepared to respond to it by an unreserved acknowledgment of the duty which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN presses upon the recognition of Gladstonians, and a frank undertaking to discharge it. For a Gladstonian to be asked why he is not prepared to co-operate with his political opponents in passing an Irish Land Purchase Bill is as though a man should be asked why, having the wherewithal, he is unwilling to pay a debt of honour. To one as to the other question there is no answer which is at once true and respectable; the only matter of uncertainty is whether the wilful defaulter will elect to remain silent altogether or to commit himself to some more or less paltry subterfuge. He cannot, in the one case, unless he is absolutely shameless, confess that he has no better reason for declining to pay his creditor than the desire to keep the money in his own pocket; and so in the other case it would be too brazen an avowal on his part to admit that he repudiates the plainest of political liabilities because it does not suit his interests to discharge them. If Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GLADSTONE'S men abode in the Palace of Truth, they would say in reply to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S appeal:—"Yes, it is perfectly true, as you say, that we are pledged up to the ears to deal with the Irish land question in the Imperial Parliament, and not to leave it to a Home Rule Legislature to settle. And we quite recognize the sound logic of your inference that we are morally bound to give a fair consideration to any measure introduced with this object, and this quite independently of the question whether the authors of such measure are agreed with us or not as to any ulterior steps whatever in Irish policy. But, seeing that to discharge this moral obligation, though an excellent step to take, we agree with you, in the interests of Ireland, would very seriously compromise our prospects as a political party—in the first place, by giving offence to our Parnellite allies; and, secondly, by exposing us to the grave risk of creating a fairly contented Ireland before we have had time to make use of her discontent as an instrument to assist us in the recovery of office—we must

"decline your proposal of co-operation with thanks, and inform you that, however well-considered a land-purchase scheme you may devise, we certainly shall have to obstruct its passage through Parliament, and, if we cannot prevent your passing it, to do our best, with the assistance of the Parnellites, to ensure its practical failure." Inasmuch, however, as Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GLADSTONE's men do not live in the Palace of Truth, they do not feel prompted to make this candid kind of answer; and, lacking that impulse, they prefer, and far be it from us to blame so natural a preference, to hold their peace.

But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's calculation—always assuming, that is to say, that his appeal was a serious one—of course is, that even the necessity of tacitly acting upon so cynically unscrupulous a principle of political tactics may be too much for the moral stomach of some of Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters. There must, he seems to think, be a section of them who are not prepared to go to these lengths in the factious repudiation of pledges and the deliberate sacrifice of the peace and prosperity of a portion of the United Kingdom to supposed party advantage. We sincerely hope he may be right in so thinking, and that if and when the present Government commences the work of what is called "constructive legislation" in Ireland, the existence of this moderate section of Gladstonians may be demonstrated. We must confess, however, that we entertain grave doubts on the point, and that we find considerable difficulty in framing an intelligible conception of that "moderation" which Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet succeeded in alienating, but which is now assumed to be ripe for revolt. The trouble with the moderate politician in all parties is that the excellence of his "level head" is too often balanced by certain extremely serious defects in various parts of his body—by a want of due rigidity, for instance, in the spinal column, and by a lamentable weakness of the knees. What we would fain assure ourselves, and what unfortunately we can obtain no assurance of, is that Mr. GLADSTONE's Moderates are such confirmed sufferers from these vertebral and crural infirmities that their moderation, for all influence that it is likely to have upon their political conduct, may be regarded as a negligible quantity. They have already had three years' experience of what it is to follow the drum in the rear of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL, and, considering how few of them have deserted in spite of the merry march that they have had of it, and the vast amount of disagreeable and disgraceful service that has been exacted of them, we can see no probability now of their suddenly turning tail on the grounds which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN expects to determine their desertion. Men who have had to support their leaders in a deliberate attempt to paralyse the law in Ireland and in the aiding and abetting of a conspiracy to rob Irish landlords are hardly likely, we think, to "shy" at an order merely to obstruct the Government in legislation which the obstructors are pledged to further.

On the whole, therefore, we think Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be better advised in looking to the unaided efforts of the "National party" to execute his programme of agrarian legislation, than in counting upon any considerable accession to the ranks of this party among the Moderate Gladstonians. He will more plainly perceive the wisdom of so doing if he will consider the relation in which this division of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers stands towards these "political heresies," which, as he justly says, it will be one important duty of the National party to combat. We have, he remarks, in the New Radicals a body of men preaching open resistance to the law, and "coquetting with a Socialism derived from Continental models—of men destitute of the ordinary sentiments of patriotism, and, while themselves opposed to every law which is not of their own making, ready at the same time to make laws to interfere with the individual liberty and freedom of everybody else." But against which of these forms of political heresy has any section of the Gladstonians ever raised the faintest protest? To which of them is the whole party, Moderates no less than Ultras, not committed? Their leader, as we have said, has already dragged them through the mire of the Plan of Campaign, and given them "Remember Mitchelstown!" for a watchword. So much for the open preaching of resistance to the law. As for Continental Socialism, the new Radicals have, as yet, had no opportunity of giving formal Parliamentary expression to their inclinations in this direction; but, on the other hand, the Moderates have never given us any reason to suppose that such views are in any way distasteful to them, still less any encouragement to

hope that any effective resistance would be offered to them from that quarter. Again, if the presence or absence of the "ordinary sentiments of patriotism" may be fairly tested in any party by their attitude on questions of national defence, it must be remembered that the opposition to the strengthening of the navy did not on this as on previous occasions proceed from below the gangway, but was led from the Front Opposition Bench, and supported by those who habitually sit behind it. As to the legislation which interferes with individual liberty and comfort, there are nearly as many patrons of it, to the best of our belief, among the so-called Moderates in Mr. GLADSTONE's following as among the New Radicals. In short, so far as we can make out, the entire Gladstonian party is tarred throughout with the same brush, and its extreme members have so completely captured and so subjugated the remainder that there is no longer any effective reserve of moderation and independence for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN or any one else to work upon. His attempt to do so is well meant, and—since it can do no harm, if it does no good—may deserve sympathy and commendation; but, for our part, we cannot help regarding it as foredoomed to inevitable failure.

LEARNING TO WRITE.

MANY people believe nowadays that everything can be taught, and it can hardly be denied that anything teachable in which persons can be examined is worth teaching. It seems that those who enter for Civil Service examinations are required to write essays in the English tongue, and a Mr. HENRY SKIPTON has therefore prepared a little book (CROSBY, LOCKWOOD & SON) to show them how it ought to be done. It consists of a very short introduction and a large number of what Mr. SKIPTON describes as "skeleton essays" on a variety of such topics as are said to commend themselves to examiners, which skeletons are to be clothed with flesh, according to the tastes of the writers, and with such skill as a cruel destiny has vouchsafed to them. Those essayists to whom Providence has not been cruel can hardly have occasion to avail themselves of Mr. SKIPTON's labours, because they will certainly have too good an opinion of their own style and abilities to want to modify them out of a book. Howbeit Mr. SKIPTON's "Introduction," which is also called "Hints on Essay-Writing," contains much that is pleasing to the mind not about to be examined. "Have a good dictionary handy," he advises all and sundry; "vigorously look up every word 'you are not sure about, and get a clear idea of its meaning before you use it.' The last phrase is excellent; but it suggests a droll picture of the budding essayist who is so anxious to use a particular word, and so unconscious of the wealth of the English language, that instead of expressing himself in one of the three or more different but equivalent locutions which are always available, he interrupts the flow of his inspiration to consult Dr. JOHNSON or Mr. NUTTALL. Mr. SKIPTON would further seem to be training his neophytes with a view to the "new journalism," for he says, "Break up your work, and place each part under a distinct heading." He advises this abomination, not because it is right, but because it "pays," by reason that examiners like it, and "credit you 'with possessing order and merit.'" Perhaps it is natural for the instructor of the examined to have a low opinion of examiners.

Rather the larger part of the "skeleton essays" consists of a crudely-worded summary of "arguments on 'both sides' of disputed questions, which Mr. SKIPTON seems to think examiners silly enough to be likely to set to their victims. Most of these, of course, are intended to be, and are the merest commonplace. Some, however, are truly refreshing. For instance, the supposed essay being on the question "Ought museums and picture-galleries to be opened on Sundays." Yes, because museums "elevate the mind, and improve the taste," and so on for a page and a half. No, because, among other reasons, "All the salt of the earth, the serious, pious, and God-fearing people, would be grievously shocked at such an innovation. We must respect 'their feelings, for we may bring on us a judgment of 'Heaven, if we offend the very elect.'" Mr. SKIPTON promises in his introduction "to do full justice to 'both sides impartially'" in his statements of arguments, and asserts that "his own individual preferences are, he

"trusts, unrecognizable." It is very difficult to avoid the persuasion that he is an ardent and even sarcastic advocate of opening museums on Sundays. Another remarkable passage is to be found in a queer threefold skeleton entitled "The Tongue, the Pen, the Sword—As Instruments of Government." It is there mentioned for the essayist's convenience that "In the last hundred and fifty years 'statesmen, as a rule, have not been strong with the pen—' e.g. . . . CANNING . . . DERBY . . . SALISBURY, BRIGHT, BISMARCK. *Brilliant Exceptions.*—DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, THIERS, GUIZOT." The quartet is noble.

The main purpose of these skeletons is, as already stated, to enable the student who has them all in his head, and has occupied laborious days and nights in writing them all out for practice, to triumph over the wiles of the examiner. This is avowed throughout the introduction with an almost brutal cynicism. Thus, candidates for examinations with essays in them are advised to "read 'history for amusement,' even if they are not obliged to 'take it up.' For instance, if the maxim 'Fortune favours the brave' were set as the subject of an essay, 'History would be useful,' and indeed 'for some subjects,' such as Trial by Jury or the Liberty of the Press, it is 'almost essential.' As the poet lately remarked, 'Poor old history!' But Mr. SKIPTON calmly avows another and a wider purpose, which indicates a still more horrid cynicism on his part. "The Author even ventures to hope that some of the 'Outlines' may supply much-needed information to not a few Members of the Legislature and candidates for election to Parliament." If Mr. SKIPTON had spoken in this way of the First Estate of the Realm, say temp. HEN. VIII., nothing but more obscurity than could well have been the lot of so daring a man would have saved his head. Among other introductory hints Mr. SKIPTON suggests as "Models for manner, i.e. style—The Bible, ADDISON, SWIFT, MACAULAY, GREEN ('Short History'), Leaders of 'Times' and 'Daily Telegraph.'" Also he inserts as a specimen "Summary" of the "Benefits of Cricket," that "the weak have a chance as well as the strong," which is a "benefit to the body," and a "benefit to the mind" that it "makes people submit to orders, sacrifice self, and play into the hands of others." We should not ourselves mark highly an essayist who thought that strength was not of much use in cricket; and, though it is true that cricketers do, generally oftener than they could wish, "play into the hands of others," it is difficult to see exactly where the benefit to the mind comes in.

MORE GOLD BOXES WANTED.

AN appropriate close is to be put to the visit of the English Deputation to Ireland by the bestowal of the freedom of the city of Dublin on Mr. STANSFELD and Lady SANDHURST. The preference shown to these two distinguished members of the party is perhaps a little hard on Mr. SUMMERS, M.P., who has worked with at least equal diligence in the cause of Separation, and who has undergone precisely the same disappointment and mortification in not receiving the attentions which the party had expected from the Irish Executive.

And were you shadowed by the police?
And did you see detectives close?

will not now become questions to be put to them years hence by their little grandchildren, and to be answered proudly in the affirmative. It is very hard upon all of them—this neglect—a piece of mean and ignoble spite of which nobody but Mr. BALFOUR could be guilty; but we submit that it is just as "rough" upon Mr. SUMMERS and the obscurer delegates as it was upon Mr. STANSFELD and Lady SANDHURST. The glory of so mild a martyrdom, so humanely mitigated a persecution as that of having one's movements watched by a policeman, is surely of no less, and probably of much more, value to the humble Gladstonian politician on the back benches than to Privy Councillors and ladies of advanced views, and he has a right to expect the same consolation and compensation for being deprived of them. However, it was always so. Stars and crosses for the officers; for the private soldier only the consciousness of having done his duty. Mr. SUMMERS and his friends must go away and shame the courtly municipality which has passed them over by outdoing, say, Mr. STANSFELD's last oratorical performance at Thurles, in which he spoke of the Parnell Commission as a

"Star Chamber Inquisition," adding that he did not blame the judges, but charged the Government with having so framed the Act of Parliament as to make it impossible for the judges to trace the allegations to their original, and, as he believed, their political, source. Such a comment pending judicial proceedings is eminently creditable to an ex-Minister of the Crown; and in respect of the official character of its utterer it is, of course, beyond Mr. SUMMERS's rivalry. But Mr. SUMMERS might make up for that by going through the evidence taken before the Commission, commenting on the relative credibility of witnesses, and criticizing the demeanour of the judges.

That the honour to be conferred on these two eminent members of the deputation is deserved, it would be impossible, after the LORD MAYOR's speech of the other day, to doubt. Their mere arrival in Ireland, it seems, has worked a species of moral miracle; it has procured the complete suspension, if not an absolute reversal of executive policy in Ireland. "The evictions stopped, the battering-ram was laid up in lavender, the prying of the constabulary into the windows of railway-carriages was discontinued"—it was kind and graceful of Mr. SEXTON to cite this as a triumph of the delegates when he knows that it represents the most chilling of rebuffs—"and the hard-driven note-takers were 'allowed a rest.'" Pity that these marvellous effects of the visit of "the noble lady and the eminent statesman" should be so very transitory. The Lord Mayor of DUBLIN, however, felt bound to express his belief that, when the deputation had departed, the old order of things would be revived. The battering-ram would be brought out, and the surplus ammunition of the constabulary used up. All depends upon whether Mr. STANSFELD and Lady SANDHURST are on the east or west of the Irish Channel; and, if coercion is really to be held in check, we see nothing but for the "noble lady and the eminent statesman" to take up their permanent abode in a country where they apparently exercise so magnetic a power over the brutal officers of a persecuting Government. Nothing but this will do, it would seem; whereas, if this course is adopted, success is certain, for the Government, Mr. SEXTON assures us, do not dare to "carry on their peculiar pranks in Ireland except behind the backs of Englishmen." If a deputation is not actually watching what goes on, the pranks of the Government—there being no Irish correspondents of English Gladstonian newspapers, and the Irish press, with *United Ireland* at its head, being furiously Coercionist—will, of course, be concealed from the English public altogether. What an honour the two new burgesses ought to feel it to be to receive the freedom of the City of Dublin at the hands of a Chief Magistrate who can prattle such infantile nonsense as this!

THE SERB.

SERVIA has lately been brought prominently before the world, not so much by the action of her people as by the vagaries of King Milan, and the cat-and-mouse game with which Russia has sought to while away the summer months. By this time the reading public have got the history of Milan and his Queen at their fingers' ends; but very few have any idea as to what manner of men are the Serbs; or even where Serbia is. Letters from England and the Continent are frequently addressed "Belgrade, Turkey," or "Belgrade, Roumania," and we have seen more than one intended for towns in Austria and Bulgaria with "Serbia" appended to the name. Side by side with this geographical haziness there exists much confusion in the popular mind on the subject of who the Serbs are. This is more excusable since the Serbs themselves differ on the point. Most of the Servian Serbs claim as part of the clan the inhabitants of Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and the Banat in Austria-Hungary. Some day all these races may, or may not, become Serbs in name as well as in language; but it is the Serb of Serbia proper whom we shall now try to describe.

In analysing the national character we have two classes to deal with—the "governmental" and commercial, which wears coats, trousers, and boots; and the peasant, which affects jackets, petticoats, and sandals. The judgment of the world, based on the observations of travellers and foreign residents, must naturally be formed rather from the first class, with which it comes into contact, than from the second, which it only knows vaguely from statistics and by sight. Many of the more pugnacious Serbs, when cornered in argument by irrefragable proof of the corruption and backwardness of their Government, will declare that it is not fair to judge the people by the townsfolk and the bureaucracy. Unfortunately these are the specimens given to the critic for dissection; and, if a people is not to be judged by its institutions

and its leading men, or by its civil and social progress in its capital and principal towns, but merely by its visionary ideas of its own capabilities and merits as expressed by those who signally fail to prove their theories in practice, all discussion becomes impossible. As regards the peasants, there is very little difference between them and their neighbours all over the East. The agriculturist is generally a sober, honest, hardworking, hospitable creature, whether he be born a Turk, an Arab, a Roumanian, a Bulgarian, or a Serb. We will allow them most of the national virtues claimed, regretting only that the character of the peasant in no case has much influence on the destinies of a country, and that in this particular case it reflects itself so feebly in the more educated classes.

Perhaps one of the reasons of Serbia's unhappiness is that she has too much past and too little present. Her history is her curse. Instead of grappling with the hard, earnest problems of to-day, she lives in an atmosphere of dreams, wherein without effort of her own the old glories of Dushan's kingdom are to be revived. The Serb believes, beyond all power of contrary conviction, that, because Serbia was once a formidable empire and possessed certain legendary heroes of the Homeric type, she has a perfect claim on the sympathies of all Europe in her wish to regain her ancient prestige at the expense of other nations who are steadily working out their own salvation. Sitting in his pot-house, and troling forth lugubrious ditties of the great deeds of Marko Kraljevitich and Milosh, the Serb waits for destiny's last word. He has not yet realized that the nineteenth century is not the sixteenth, and that we are now on the eve of the twentieth. With the fatal birthright of an epic story the Serb also inherits a splendid confidence in his own personal perfections. His imperiousness to all kindly criticism is melancholy, and it is this trait which most utterly destroys his chances of improvement. It is not the blindness of the man who will not see, for he positively does not and cannot perceive his own shortcomings. More than this, he rejoices over them with a joy which would be pleasing in a child or a savage, but which is to the last degree saddening in a man with professed aspirations. The character of a nation is best shadowed forth in its recreations and habits of daily life. When not in actual pursuit of his work or duties the life of the Serb is not passed at home or in outdoor amusements, but in his favourite café. If we enter one of these establishments and call for refreshment, we shall find ourselves at a table covered with a cloth once white, but not destined to recover that hue until all traces of the original colour have disappeared. A remonstrance would cause the most intense surprise, for at the next table, spread in a similar repugnant manner, a couple of Ministers are quite contentedly devouring their meal, and playfully practising the sword-swallowing trick with their knives and green peas. What is good enough for a Minister must be satisfactory to the ridiculous foreigner. A little further off a fifteenth-rate German singing-girl is drinking beer with an officer in uniform, preparatory to mounting the platform, and close beside them are half a dozen private soldiers. This is the discipline of the Servian army. If we were to remark that, not only in England, but in a foreign country and on campaign, in Egypt, for example, all privates and non-commissioned officers would salute and retire on the entry of a junior subaltern, the Serb would fail to see the reason of such outward decency and respect. He rather prefers a dirty tablecloth and the proximity of his inferiors in various stages of moral and physical uncleanness. Let us leave the café and face the perils of the streets. The capital of Bulgaria will shortly be lit from end to end with electric light; but the streets of Belgrade are dimly marked out in the gloom by odd petroleum lamps at irregular intervals. Where the footway—there is no continuous pavement, except for a few yards in the principal street—is especially good there is an abundance of light, but as soon as it deteriorates the lamps also decrease in number. Most of the streets are, as a Frenchman remarked, "composées de trous." Should you hazard a suggestion to a member of the municipality that a few thousand pounds would scarcely be thrown away on improvements he shrugs his shoulders. His internal reflection is that some of those thousands would be much better placed in his own pockets. The streets of Belgrade are quite good enough for the Serbs, who would not complain of them till the Day of Judgment, and why should they put themselves out in obedience to the extravagant whims of strangers? A turn in the road brings us to a fountain. It is nearly midnight, but more than a hundred grooms, servants, and poor people are fighting for water. The Danube and the Save are not a quarter of a mile away, but water is dear, and hard to get. The officials will tell you that they have no pavements, no gas, and no water, because they have no money. The reason they have no money is that they have no credit, and the reason they have no credit is that they have no Ministerial stability or honesty. Starting from the assumption that all foreigners come to Serbia to plunder and steal, the Serb puts every obstacle in their way. When ordinary means fail, he robs them himself as soon as their enterprise shows signs of being lucrative. It is impossible to obtain any satisfaction; for, as an ex-Minister once remarked, "La loi, monsieur! mais la loi, c'est moi!" Having very nearly succeeded at length by repeated acts of chicanery and violence in destroying all influx of capital from abroad, the Serbs are beginning to stew in their own juice, and yet they complain that they can obtain no help from outside. Offering no inducements to strangers, treating those from whom they might learn with stupid contempt, and pluming themselves meanwhile on their

self-reliance, without perceiving the abyss to which it is leading them, the Serbs, like the Scriptural swine, are rushing headlong down a steep place into the sea of moral and civil corruption. If a foreigner points out an abuse to a Minister he will be met with the rejoinder:—"You appear to think, sir, that, because you are a Frenchman or an Englishman, you are to be treated differently from the rest of the world." He does not see that the abuse is an abuse *per se*, and that a Serb might, and ought, to protest against it just as vigorously. But the fact is that the Serb is content to endure what is intolerable to ordinary civilized beings. And it is significant that, whereas in other countries it is usually sufficient to bring offences to the notice of Ministers, in Serbia one may spare oneself the trouble of doing so, and the annoyance of discovering that the highest officials are no more advanced in their ideas or broader in their views than the humblest of their subordinates. The old Turkish proverb, "The fish begins to rot from the head," is quite as true at Belgrade as at Constantinople; indeed, the Danube fish is quite as unsavoury as that of the Bosphorus.

It is true that there are bright exceptions to prove the rule, and one might with careful search find ten righteous men to save the country. There are a few kindly, sensible Serbs anxious to improve at least their own condition and that of their children, of whom amid such surroundings sufficient good words can hardly be spoken. But they are distinctly exceptions. The majority, especially those who are loudest in proclaiming their patriotism, will not stir a finger in any direction not dictated by self-interest, as falsely understood by them according to their own dim, flickering lights. Hedged round with an impenetrable barrier of self-satisfaction, they will neither listen nor learn; and, if ever there was a pride which promised to herald a fall, it is the present pride of the Serbs.

CURIOUS CURIOS.

THE forest-dwelling peoples of the further East have an odd instrument for making fire. Very seldom, so far as we observed, do they employ the proverbial method of "rubbing" two sticks—which is not rubbing at all. Near the coast every man carries a bit of pitcher in the siri-box of bamboo slung at his waist, a chip of a plate—English or Dutch—and a handful of dry fungus. Holding this tinder under his thumb upon the fragment of earthenware, he strikes the side of the siri-box sharply, and it takes fire. But this method can only be used by tribes which have such communication with the foreigner as supplies them with European goods; the inland peoples use a more singular process. They carry a short cylinder of lead, hollowed roughly to a cuplike form at one end, which fits a joint of bamboo. Placing this cylinder in the palm of the left hand, they fill the cup with tinder, adjust the bamboo over it, strike sharply, remove the covering as quickly, and the tinder is alight. Observers who take a narrow view have declared that the earliest art practised by human beings after they escape from mere barbarism is pottery; these races have long passed that stage; but we do not recall any evidence that they use the art. The fact is, that in countries which produce the bamboo earthenware is hardly needed except for luxury. They make charms and fetiches of dried clay. We once came upon two figures of alligators in the jungle, the size of life, and so well constructed that they had survived the rains of one season at least. But in Borneo the Dyak peoples have a class of foreign earthenware singularly interesting. As Malays employ brass guns for their currency, so the Dyaks employ antique vases. In neither instance do the actual "coins" pass from hand to hand, since by brass gun a Malay signifies a cannon, twenty feet long, perhaps, and a Dyak signifies a vessel eighteen inches high or more. These things are measures of value, divided into imaginary fractions. There are three varieties of this earthenware—the Gusi, which represents about 500*l.*, the Naga and Rusa, much less valuable. The first is certainly Chinese, and the last probably, but perhaps they never came from the continent. At some date unknown the north of Borneo was occupied by a Chinese colony which must have numbered millions. This great time, when a third part of the island was cultivated and densely peopled, may have been eight hundred years ago. But the first paragraph in the Annals of Bruni recognizes a powerful Chinese kingdom of Batangan in the fifteenth century—we are not to digress into that fascinating theme, however. The Celestials were exterminated about two generations ago; an old friend of ours, the great chief Gasing, still carried ten pigtailed attached to his sword of state—trophies of his father's valour, probably. Chinese merchants have tried again and again to counterfeit the old jars, as have the Dutch; but they never succeeded in passing off their imitations. The Naga ware may be Hindoo or Javanese, of very remote antiquity whichever it be; both peoples had great settlements in the island at some time beyond human memory. They have left Buddhist remains of importance here and there.

We secured no examples of these curious things, for reasons that have been suggested. But the recollection calls to mind some extraordinary objects of the same class, in a sense, which are treasured on the other side the world. The Aggy and the Popo beads, which serve for jewels in West Africa, are glass resembling earthenware, of unknown manufacture, of immemorial antiquity, and beyond modern skill to counterfeit. Most Euro-

pean nations, probably, have tried their hand at imitating the Aggrey bead. The shrewdest chemists and the cleverest artificers of Venice and Birmingham have done their best; the potters of England, France, and Germany have exhausted their resources—but in vain. It does not seem such a difficult enterprise, however. The beads are irregular in shape and size; many have been sawn in two. They have an opaque ground—ochre-yellow in the most valuable species—but so various that this point gives no trouble. A rough ornament of circles in another hue runs through the material from side to side or end to end. Here, again, imitation seems easy, to the craftsmen of Venice in particular; but appearances are deceptive evidently. The Popo bead, less valuable, but valuable enough, is blue glass, transparent, but so manufactured that it shows a dull yellow against the light. These things are all found in the earth; but, so far as can be ascertained, they never turn up in company with bones or other signs of burial; which, to our mind, is the most curious fact of all. That they are ancient Egyptian is a certainty. Many hundreds, if not thousands, were taken in the sack of the palace at Coomassie, strung, in general, upon that very pretty cord which we mentioned; with gold nuggets beaten flat, and cubes of coral, and tufts of coloured silk interspersed. Very handsome they looked, no doubt, upon the smooth brown skin of the royal dames. A pretty bracelet from Coomassie is made of triangular pieces cut from the rib of a shell, snow-white, strung in groups, alternately with these small flattened nuggets. But the curiosities saved in that loot bear only a miserable proportion to those which men of taste admired in the palace and the big houses of the caboceros. But one stool was carried away—as a memorial for the Princess of Wales—among the hundreds adorned with silver which lay in all directions. Very charming were many of these—the Ashantee artist seemed to devote his best attention to stools. Seven were piled, as if for removal, in the courtyard of a great house, each plated with *repoussé* work, showing much taste and ingenuity of design. Those people have “gifts.” One single specimen of their ability in casting bronze was preserved—a group representing the procession of the king in his man-carriage, attended by the officers of State; it was bought by “the Russian Prince” for a very round sum. But the objects most to be regretted were two tables of black wood, deeply and profusely carved; the one adorned with plaques of gold, graven and hammered, all round its edge, with a disc in the middle; the other, a match, but furnished with gold and silver plaques alternately.

Returning from this digression to the further East, we should mention the extraordinary sword, or chopping-knife, called the *parang ilang*. This has been used pretty frequently to point the moral suggested by the boomerang—that certain savages show an acquaintance with abstruse principles in mechanism which they could not learn by chance or experience. We should not think of disputing that the *parang ilang* is as wonderful an application by the naked barbarians of complex laws which our ingenious and scientific craftsmen had not thought of as the most enthusiastic believe, but—has anybody ever tried it in comparison with other implements? Doubtless Europeans who pass much time in the jungle prefer this knife, but they might well do so without regard to its peculiar virtues. These are supposed to lie in the convexity of its blade, supplemented by a twist which becomes perceptible if one survey it at arm's length, the edge downwards. The weapon must be used from right to left; a special form is manufactured for left-handed persons. If it is properly handled, the concave surface of the blade inclines to the object struck, and deals, as the legend goes, a blow like that of an axe; but if improperly handled it flies back, with awful consequences. Upon this latter point there is no question whatsoever; for, if there were a Registrar-General in Borneo, such accidents would fill a column in his Return. Nor is it open to doubt that the *parang ilang* cuts astonishingly deep into a tree; only it is not proved that a blade of ordinary form, as heavy and as well balanced, would not do as much. There are specimens at the disposal of any grave and competent authority who wishes to test them. The Kyans, however, who invented this odd weapon are certainly ingenious—in warlike matters at least; as they should be, since war has been their occupation from the dawn of history. They use an iron spear, for throwing, so balanced that it flies upwards, turns, and falls point down. The advantage of this in a fight among trees and brushwood is obvious, if a warrior be so skilful as to direct the fall aright. The sumpitan, or blow-pipe, is a favourite with them, also; but they do not make it. The manufacture of these wonderful instruments lies in the hands of the Pakatans, Ujits, and such utter savages, who are not recognized as human by their neighbours. It is they, also, who make the poison most esteemed; though any warrior who buys, or steals, or loots, a blow-pipe from them contrives to brew some villainous stuff that answers his purpose fairly. That these wild men should be able to fashion such a tool is, upon the whole, the most surprising fact in our experience of travel. The sumpitan is made from the hardest and heaviest wood of the jungle, saving Bilian alone. There are examples eight feet in length, bored with absolute precision from end to end—that is assured, for they had “passed proof,” and a tiny deflection, which must have serious influence upon the arrow's flight, would have been detected. A practised warrior will puff his dart some fourscore paces, but it cannot be trusted to break the skin at that distance. The astonishing power of these weapons at close range may be estimated by the fact that any one whose lungs are fairly sound can drive an arrow halfway through a

French novel of the ordinary thickness at ten yards. Those helpless tribes, surrounded by fierce and athletic races, would long since have been exterminated had they not found protection in their awful powers of mischief.

ZERMATT, PAST AND PRESENT.

THIRTY years ago the English Alpine Club was barely a twelvemonth old. Mountain-climbing was regarded by many “potent, grave, and reverend seniors” as an almost reprehensible pastime, which could only be justified if undertaken in the cause of science. Our great authority on travel—the guide-book of Murray—still gravely assured us of the remarkable fact that the majority of those who had ascended Mont Blanc were persons of unsound mind. At that date, however, the small group of Englishmen who, whatever their mental condition, had yielded to the charm of mountain scenery and the fascination of mountain-climbing had come to the conclusion that the peaks and glaciers around a little village named Zermatt were not less grand than those of the more famous Chamouni, while its guides were free from the regulations—pedantic, ludicrous, but extortionate—which rendered the latter an abomination to all true lovers of the Alps. It already possessed two small hotels with modest accommodation. During the preceding ten years visitors had become no longer infrequent. The highest peak of Monte Rosa—inferior in altitude only to Mont Blanc—had at length been scaled by a party of Englishmen, but most of the more lofty and difficult summits still remained intact. The reputation of Zermatt spread rapidly. It was even then predicted that a formidable rival to Chamouni had been discovered. Thirty years has seen this prediction accomplished. The Zermatt of earlier days has not, indeed, disappeared, but those who knew it then and return thither after many years find themselves perplexed in a strange jumble of old and new. But Zermatt, however “translated,” is by no means a modern village. Its history has been quite recently written in Mr. Coolidge's interesting work on *Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-Books*.

Let us now look back thirty years. There is no railway up the valley of the Rhone. Visp must be reached by a long and rather tedious diligence journey. Thence a rough mule track leads by Stalden, where there is a homely inn, by St. Nicolas, where is one of larger size, by Randa and Täsch, where are none, to Zermatt. It is a walk of between seven and eight hours, and all, except the most active mountaineers, must return by the same way. A few—very few—glacier passes are known to lead from the head of the valley, and all but one are considered difficult. Thus Zermatt was out of the track of the ordinary tourist; it was only frequented by the climbers, or at least the lovers of mountains. The village was a collection of chalets, built of pine logs, which in the course of years had assumed a rich brown tint. They were crowded together—often picturesque both in form and grouping—on both sides of the narrow ill-paved street, all stone lumps and hollows, across which a streamlet rushed, into which it was easy to step on a dark night. In the middle of the village the houses ceased for a time on the eastern side of the street, which was parted from the meadows by a low wall. Opposite to this, in full view of the slopes of the Riffelberg, was the Hôtel du Mont Rose; the other inn, also augmented so as to be still the larger of the two, was nearer the entrance of the village. The former was the favourite haunt of the mountain-climbers. Clustered around its door or seated on the low wall opposite, they smoked the pipe of peace after the labours of the day, or discussed the prospects of the morrow, and consulted with their guides, who occupied the same perch at a few yards' distance. In Mr. Whymper's well-known book is a picture representing this “club-room of Zermatt,” as it might have appeared twenty-five years ago. This includes the portraits of many of the best-known travellers and guides of the early days of mountain-climbing. Time, alas! has made gaps in the ranks. Some of the guides, four at least of the travellers, have finished their course—three in the very prime of life. One of them, if we are right in our identification, was brought during the next summer from beneath the crags of the Matterhorn to be laid in the adjacent churchyard. Six men form a group in the middle of the picture, of whom five have been presidents of the Club. All these are still living; one still enjoys a mountain climb of moderate difficulty, but of late years his hammer has been used in the Alps more than his ice-axe; another has scaled one of the summits of his profession, and is seated on the judicial bench; the rest practically have ceased from mountaineering, one owing to weak health, the others because threescore and ten years is a heavy weight to carry uphill. A new generation, both of guides and of travellers, has sprung up, more skilful, more adventurous, perhaps more rash, than the old, but certainly not less sincere in their love of the mountains.

Let us now look at the Zermatt of the present day. A railway drops us at Visp. A carriage road leads from St. Nicolas to Zermatt. That it does not run the whole way is attributed to the fears of the men of Visp lest their gains would suffer if Zermatt were made too accessible. Bad times are in store for them, for a railway is in process of construction, and when that is completed no one will halt at Visp. The first view of Zermatt perplexes the visitor—peaks, alps, meadows, are, of course, the same; but from among the brown cottages, just where the white walls

of the Hôtel du Mont Cervin once made a small but unsightly blotch, rises a big hotel, which would not seem out of place on the quays of Geneva or Lucerne. It must be, it is that hotel; but it is heightened, broadened, much more than doubled in size. We pass up the street. This, indeed, is the old pavement, provocative of curses. There are the old brown chalets, and this is the old familiar smell, suggestive of valuable matter in the wrong place; there is the old church, only altered by a new coat of whitewash; there, too, is the Monte Rosa Hotel, little changed; but what is this opposite? Another gigantic inn; another export from Vevay or Interlachen, dropped down by mistake among the Pennine peaks. The old wall still remains, though it seems lower than formerly; but the adjoining part of the meadow has become an ornamental garden, with a fountain, arbours, and a lawn-tennis court, where British youths and maidens are at play as if this were the Vale of Health, beneath the heights of Hampstead. Two or three other hotels of smaller size have sprung up in the village—several white-walled houses are now intercalated among the old chalets. There are shops in plenty for the sale of dried plants, minerals, things Alpine, needful and unneedful; stuffed, in short, with the heterogeneous contents of a Swiss bazaar in a tourist centre; there is even a hairdresser. But that is not all; as we mount the familiar but improved path towards the Gorner Grat, just at the upper margin of the pine forest, we find another huge building. This is the Riffelalp Hotel, commenced by M. Seiler at a time when the jealousy of the commune—for, if report be true, Zermatt has been hostile, even to the verge of boycotting and the need of police protection—seemed likely to exclude him from the Riffelberg inn, and opened in 1884. Thirty years ago this would have found few equals in any part of Switzerland. The salons are large; the furniture is almost luxurious; nothing has been forgotten. On one side is a chapel for the Roman Catholics, on the other one for the Anglican communion. By the latter a court for lawn-tennis is being constructed. The site of the hotel has been most happily selected. About a thousand feet below the old Riffelberg, it enjoys a milder climate, while the adjacent forest gives a charm and a variety to the scenery which is wanting in the bleak alps around the other house. The view is slightly less extensive, but certainly not inferior; for the Matterhorn forms a picture of unequalled beauty. Changes, too, have passed over the Riffelberg Hotel. It has been greatly enlarged; the latest development being a glazed verandah. In old days the evening pipe before the doors was often a chilly pleasure.

Thus the Zermatt of to-day is no longer the Zermatt of thirty years ago. Mountaineers are constant to it, but they are lost in the crowd of tourists. Ice-axes are numerous, far more numerous than in olden times, when most climbers still contented themselves with alpenstocks, but not a few are in the hands of men with unscorched faces. Are travellers nowadays more careful of their complexions, or can it be that the axe does not make the mountaineer any more than the cowl the monk? As the dinner-bell rings, quite an ordinary sample of middle-class Britons, with not a few from the other side of the Atlantic, is seen flocking towards the table-d'hôte.

When the railway is opened the transformation will be complete. The old Zermatt, with its homely life, its good fellowship, its freedom from conventionalities, will have disappeared; the new Zermatt, with its crowds of tourists come to "do the place," will have supplanted it; piles of luggage will be discharged at the station; elaborate toilets for the Alpine excursion and for the evening table-d'hôte will become the rule; there will be picnic parties in every quiet nook, the alps will blossom with sandwich papers, the multitude of broken bottles will add a new peril to crag-climbing, and sooner or later there will be a rope railway to the Gorner Grat.

THE EXPERIMENTAL MATINÉE.

III.

THE selection of the cast and the conduct of the rehearsals will give very little trouble if, for the purpose of exploiting some individual actor or actress, the old "stock" repertory be drawn upon. The majority of the principal parts will probably be entrusted to actors who have played them before; at any rate, the arrangement and business of the scenes are all mapped out and recorded in prompt-books. To rehearse a play under such conditions is easy work; but when the *matinée's raison d'être* is the production of some new play, possibly by a new and absolutely inexperienced author, let it not be expected that rehearsals will prove other than long, tedious, and trying to the temper. Indeed, in such cases the troubles of author and manager (and not unfrequently the author is on these occasions his own manager—for has he not failed to persuade any one else to be his manager? else why should he give his *matinée*?) begin before rehearsals with their endeavours to cast the play. Actors know well enough, from long and sometimes bitter experience, that such engagements are, in nine cases out of ten, more trouble than they are worth; that the play so produced is seldom seen after its initial performance; and that therefore all the labour of rehearsal and study is to be repaid solely by the honorarium they are able to exact for that occasion. Hence it comes that the terms

usually demanded for an experimental *matinée* are fully equal to a week's salary; nor can this be wondered at when it is considered that rehearsals must be attended, and dresses provided (which in the case of all modern pieces is at the actor's expense) as if the play were expected to run for weeks; and that by the time the salary has been earned and paid it has often been nearly, if not quite, swallowed up in incidental expenses. This being so, an actor frequently regards himself as conferring a favour by taking part in a *matinée*, and shapes his conduct accordingly. The strict attention to business which marks the preparation of a play intended for the regular evening's programme is rarely found in the *matinée* rehearsals. Actors arrive late, go out of the theatre and keep others waiting for their return, and in these and other ways sorely try the patience of the unhappy impresario and his stage-manager.

It must be confessed that there is generally some excuse for this laxity of discipline. The financial reward is not sufficiently substantial to inspire any dread of forfeiting it, as would be the case with an engagement for a season, or for the run of a play; and it is impossible to draw the reins of authority very tightly with a "scratch" company, collected from various sources, many of whom, being in regular engagements, will owe a prior allegiance to the calls of the manager of their own theatres, for it must be noted that, while many managers altogether decline to allow the members of their companies to take part in these performances, none would permit their own arrangements to be thereby disturbed, but would not unnaturally regard themselves as possessing the first claim on their actors' services. If, therefore, an unexpected rehearsal at an actor's regular theatre should clash with a rehearsal for a *matinée*, it is the latter which would go to the wall.

Again, it often happens that there is a rush, for *matinée* purposes, on the services of some particular performer, who finds himself engaged in the simultaneous rehearsal of some two or three new pieces, and fails to solve the puzzle of being in more than one place at a time. But all these drawbacks to efficient rehearsal are often but as nothing compared with the shortcomings of the play itself. The operation of rehearsal is a tedious one at the best of times; but there is an undoubted consolation and satisfaction if the performers can feel their work is making progress, that the piece is, as the phrase goes, "shaping well." But what if it is standing still, or even retrograding? Many are the plays produced at experimental *matinées* which never "shape" at all, or which do so only after the most strenuous and persevering labour. Defects, inconsistencies, and absurdities, unsuspected (by the author at any rate) as long as his work remained on paper, start to light as soon as the attempt is made to give it concrete form; and the patience of a company is severely taxed while councils of war are held, and the unhappy drama is re-written piecemeal on the prompter's table. Bad as the *matinée* play often is, the public would, indeed, open its eyes in wonder could it see the state from which pains-taking rehearsal has rescued it. Then, when the "business" and stage management of some scene may have been carefully and satisfactorily arranged, it may be found necessary to alter it at the last minute, because the scenery, when at length disinterfered from its railway arch, is discovered to have its doors and windows in quite unexpected places. By these and similar disadvantages is the luckless *matinée*-play sorely handicapped. And by whom is the result of all this labour and worry finally witnessed and judged? There are, no doubt, instances of such pieces, at certain theatres, by certain authors, with certain performers, which attract an audience as representative and critical as ever assembled to judge a "first night"; but how rare are such *matinées*!

On ordinary occasions, when the utility actor, or the writer of a successful or unsuccessful tale, or the hero (or heroine) of a hundred back drawing-rooms may be tempting fate, what is the complexion and composition of the audience? Stalls upon stalls are reserved for the press; but "the press" is wary, looks in for a time, lest (as has been done ere now) it notice, as a *fait accompli*, a performance which has never taken place, and betakes itself elsewhere, content to judge the whole from a part, and that not a large one; the boxes have been placed at the service of the managers of London theatres, who fail to respond in person, and depute their representation to the female members of their families or to the gentleman who puts the postage-stamps on their letters; actors and actresses of sorts will be there in plenty; it is a good opportunity for an afternoon lounge and the meeting of friends; and no one need attend to the play if it passes human endurance; so the lesser lights of the drama, especially those who have not long joined "the profession," and to whom the pleasure of writing for, and receiving, as of right an "order" is still somewhat of a novelty, are present in battalions; friends of the author and of the actors will also swell the crowd; but of the paying public, of those who a few hours later will sit on the same seats, or on those of neighbouring theatres, and with their honest shillings and sovereigns enable the manager to meet his liabilities in business, and entertain the aristocracy at home, how many, think you, will be present? It will, indeed, be an exceptional *matinée* play that will attract within the walls of a theatre any of the great paying public; time was when such may have come in hopes of being among the first to recognize genius hitherto unappreciated, but bitter experience has taught them that the safer, wiser game is to stay away; that, if there is any good in the play or the player, there will be plenty of opportunities in the future

of repairing their omission, while they are much more likely to congratulate themselves on their absence than to regret it.

Still, in these days, when long runs rob the actor of his chances of practical experience, it would be unfair altogether to condemn the experimental matinee. It has in its time introduced to the London stage good plays against which managers had unaccountably closed their doors, it has (and this, we think, is its chief recommendation) given young actors an opportunity of playing more than one new part in a twelvemonth, and so in some small degree has done something towards remedying a state of things which is, to any one with the interest of the future of the English stage at heart, most deplorable, and finally it has furnished, and continues to furnish, those writers on the contemporary drama of whom a stated contribution is expected week by week with an almost unending source of inspiration, a favour, however, for which these gentlemen scarcely seem as grateful as might be expected.

RACING AT DONCASTER.

THE Champagne Stakes on the first day of the Doncaster Meeting was a race of exceptional interest. The relative form of most of the more celebrated two-year-olds had already been more or less tested, either directly or indirectly; but Tristan's first colt of special renown, Baron Rothschild's Le Nord, had not yet met either Surefoot, Heaume, Riviera, Semolina, Signorina, or any colt or filly through whom his relations to either of them could be measured. He was now to run against Riviera, who had been beaten by Signorina and Heaume, and had beaten Heaume and Semolina, who, in her turn, had beaten Surefoot, who had beaten Heaume. It was almost a matter of mere conjecture whether Heaume, Riviera, Surefoot, Signorina, or Semolina was the best of a party that had run so closely and intricately; as, on some of their running, it might have been argued that one might be about as good as the others. There was, however, no evidence on which any opinion could be formed as to whether Le Nord, who was greatly admired, and had won the only two races for which he had hitherto run in a canter, was superior or inferior to the above-mentioned lot, which represented the best two-year-old form of the year. So close was the favouritism between Le Nord and Riviera, that 21 to 20 was laid on the former, and 6 to 5 against the latter. Their only opponents were Mr. J. H. Holdsworth's Alloway, who had been beaten by Heresy and Dearest at Derby, and now started at 12 to 1, and Mr. Warren De la Rue's 2,600 guinea colt Heckberry, who started at 33 to 1. Heckberry led Le Nord and Riviera, with Alloway bringing up the rear, for about half the course; but at the bend Riviera went to the front, followed by Le Nord, while Heckberry subsided into the background. From the bend to the distance Le Nord seemed beaten, yet he struggled on with such astonishing gameness from the distance, while Riviera, after having the race well in hand, appeared to tire, that it became a very fine point between the pair as they approached the winning-post, and at last Riviera barely won by a head. Tom Cannon finished only three-quarters of a length behind Le Nord with Alloway, and this made that colt's form at Derby look all wrong, as he there received a beating equal to quite a stone from Heresy. Both Le Nord and Riviera were much admired; and, in the opinion of some experts, nothing, with the exception of Chitaboh, that ran on the following day for the St. Leger could be compared to either of them for good looks. The question presents itself whether Riviera or Le Nord is the more likely to improve, and many think that it should be answered in favour of Le Nord. The most unfurnished of the quartette that ran for the Champagne Stakes, however, was the enormous Alloway; and, as he finished within a length of the winner, it is not impossible that he may yet obtain a place in the first class, although he is of a type that does not invariably grow "in the right direction." If Alloway had been the only form at Derby which was inconsistent with subsequent running at Doncaster he might be suspected of being an uncertain colt; but almost, if not quite, as unequal was the form shown at Derby and Doncaster by St. Peter, who won the Devonshire Handicap of 950*l.* in a field of eighteen at the former meeting, after starting at 12 to 1, and only ran fifth at the latter meeting for the Glasgow Plate, after starting a good second favourite at 3 to 1. At Derby, again, W. I'Anson's Queen Laura had been beaten two lengths by Elgiva, an outsider at 14 to 1; yet at Doncaster she won the Clumber Plate in a canter by four lengths from Glory Smitten, a winner of six races this season, and by six lengths from Enamel, a winner of two races. From this it would appear that, owing to the state of the course or some other cause, the form shown at Derby was in some instances untrustworthy, although it could scarcely be said that in either of those quoted the Derby form was directly reversed at Doncaster. Mr. J. Lowther, who is in luck this season, won the Great Yorkshire Handicap with Houndsditch, a three-year-old colt by Peter that he bred himself, and with whom he has already won something over 2,000*l.* in stakes. Lord Penrhyn's Far Niente, now that he has at last begun to win races, seems determined to persevere in well-doing, and he won the above-mentioned Glasgow Plate in excellent form. With plenty of bone, a fine frame, and not a little speed, he ought to be well worth the 1,300 guineas given for him by his owner.

Of the racing on the Wednesday at Doncaster, apart from the

St. Leger, there is seldom much that is worth the trouble of saying or hearing. On this occasion the fields were good, and the favourites won in exactly half the races. Backers lost heavily over the Tattersall Sale Stakes for two-year-olds, which was unexpectedly won by Mr. Maple's Narrator by a neck, at 5 lbs., from Lockhart, a winner of five races. They were also hard hit in the Cleveland Handicap, for which Count Lehnndorff's Hortari, the winner of the Babraham Handicap at Newmarket, was made the favourite. The race was won by Mr. W. M. Redfern's Polynesia, who started at 5 to 1; but its honours really rested with Sir R. Jardine's Wise Man, who was giving weight to everything in the race, including 37 lbs. to the winner, whom he ran to a length, while Hortari was a bad third. As to the St. Leger itself, which we noticed last week, we need only add that the settling on Monday last is said to have been exceptionally heavy.

Mr. Redfern won the first race of the Thursday with Yard Arm, who started a better favourite than Lal Brough, the winner of the first race of the previous day. Lord Penrhyn's industrious colt, Noble Chieftain, who was running in his fifteenth race of the season, was first favourite for the Portland Plate. Ill luck befell him, as he was shut in against the rails by other horses when the time came for him to make his effort. At any rate, that was the excuse commonly made for his defeat. The fretful Galloping Queen, who sweated profusely beforehand, won the race for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild; and it was high time that the filly earned something, as she had run six times unsuccessfully this year. Lord Penrhyn's Curraghmore was made favourite for the Scarborough Stakes, which was easily won by Mr. H. Milner's Mercy, who had run second to Houndsditch for the Great Yorkshire Stakes on the Tuesday. She had also run second to Houndsditch at Leicester, and on that occasion Curraghmore finished many lengths behind her; so he had no right on public form to be made favourite at Doncaster, even when allowance was made for his meeting her on 8 lbs. better terms than at Leicester. Robert the Devil's well-shaped son, Bel Demonio, giving weight to all his opponents, won the Rous Plate of 500*l.* after a close race with Touchwood, an own brother to Fullerton, to whom he was giving 12 lbs. There was a grand struggle for the next race, the Corporation Selling Handicap, between Lord Penrhyn's Lady Yarmouth and Mr. F. Cleveland's Stockton, the former winning by a short head after fighting out every yard of the course from the distance to the winning-post. The next, and the last race of the day, the Alexandra Plate, produced an even finer struggle. Lord Dudley's Fullerton, with 9 st. 6 lbs. to carry, was first favourite; Lord Zetland's Caerlaverock, with 7 st. 12 lbs., was the second; and Colonel Forester's Stone Cross, with 7 st. 3 lbs., was the third favourite. As much as 8 to 1 was laid against the sixth favourite, Mr. Clayton's St. Helen, although Caerlaverock had been unplaced to her when giving her only 3 lbs. more weight at the Newmarket July Meeting. In the same race Hawthorn had been unplaced to her, and now, on 10 lbs. better terms, Hawthorn was the most fancied of the pair. As they came round the bend Caerlaverock was leading with Hawthorn next to him, then came St. Helen, and, in her wake, Fullerton. Soon afterwards Hawthorn got up to Caerlaverock, and the two leaders were fighting hard against each other before they reached the distance. At that point St. Helen joined them, with Fullerton, on whom the weight was evidently telling, close at hand. There was a grand race between Caerlaverock, Hawthorn, and St. Helen. Hawthorn was the first to give way a little, and then Caerlaverock was just passed by St. Helen, who won by a head, while Hawthorn was only beaten by half a length for second place, and Fullerton was an excellent fourth. No fault can fairly be found with a handicap which produces such a closely contested race; but for a five-year-old of some merit St. Helen was certainly very favourably treated at 7 st. 2 lbs., although she does not always run up to her best form, as may be inferred from the fact that she was unplaced at Newmarket to Hortari at 6 lbs., whereas she now beat him by very many lengths at 2 lbs.

For the Westmoreland Stakes on the Friday, Mr. F. Murray's Lown was favourably handicapped in receiving 36 lbs. from Deuce of Clubs, and he beat his ten opponents without difficulty. Backers were successful again in the next race, a Selling Race for two-year-olds, which was won by Mr. Baker's Magistrate, though by a short head only. Three St. Leger colts, Lord Bradford's Davenport, Sir R. Jardine's Lord Lorne, and Mr. J. Lowther's Workington, ran for the Doncaster Stakes. Davenport had finished third for the St. Leger, and Lord Lorne and Workington had been something like twenty lengths behind him; so, as the trio were now to meet at even weights, it might have been expected that odds would have been laid upon Davenport; but the ring were content to take even money. Davenport made all the running, and won easily by a length from Lord Lorne, who finished a long way in front of Workington, although the latter had been fractionally the better favourite of the pair. This performance on the part of Davenport proved his St. Leger form to have been no fluke, and it strengthened the position which he held as first favourite for the Cesarewitch. A field of a dozen came out for the Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate of 500*l.*, which was won by a 10 to 1 outsider, in Sir R. Jardine's St. Benedict. Six fillies went to the post for the Park Hill Stakes, and as there had been some "plunging" on Lord Penrhyn's Carmine for the Cesarewitch, she was made first favourite instead of Mr. Vyner's Minthe, the winner of the One Thousand. Moreover, Carmine had twice beaten Pinzon, at even weights—curiously

enough he was handicapped to give her 10 lbs. for the Cesarewitch—and Pinzon had beaten Antibes, whose form in the Yorkshire Oaks had been, at the weights, about equal to that of Minthe. After they had run a quarter of a mile, Carmine took the lead, but just below the distance Minthe caught her, passed her easily, and won by half a dozen lengths. Considering that Minthe was giving 7 lbs. to Carmine, this was a remarkable defeat, and it might have been expected that it would have had a more immediate effect upon Carmine's position in the Cesarewitch betting than to send her from 9 to 1 down to 16 to 1, for she is handicapped at the same weight as Davenport, who not only had finished as near Donovan for the St. Leger as Carmine now did to Minthe, but had twice within the week given a tremendous beating to Workington, whose form was better than that of Minthe. Although four horses started for the Doncaster Cup, the race really lay between Lord Howe's great, weight-carrying Claymore, the winner of the Great Northamptonshire Stakes, and Mr. Maple's neat little mare Mill Stream, the winner of the Chester Cup. Claymore won by a length and a half, after an exciting race, and he seemed wearied out when he was pulled up. Of the sales during the Doncaster week we will only say that they were more than usually interesting, and that the three highest-priced yearlings—one by Wisdom and two by St. Simon—were purchased by Colonel North for 8,800 guineas.

TWO MELODRAMAS.

IF one were, with the authority of age and wisdom, putting the young theatre-goer on the path he should follow for his own greater good and happiness, and if what he was about to see was a melodrama, one would say to him, My boy, do not ask too much; do not expect all you see to be consistent or possible; remember that the object of melodrama is to give you the impossible in a plausible form. Now to do this without flaw almost passes the wit of men. There were giants in old days who did it, or misused doing it by so little that the miss was not worth mentioning. They are gone, those great men; and now we can but hobble after them. Therefore be content with an approximation; and, if what is actually going on before your faithful eyes is fairly exciting in itself, do not be too curious to inquire whether it follows naturally from what went before or is leading on inevitably to what is to come after.

Had our young friend acted on this secret of theatre-goers' happiness (which we reveal the more readily because your healthy-minded audience has discovered it by the light of nature already), had he, we say, been inspired by this wisdom, he would, we think, have enjoyed himself at the Haymarket any one of these evenings last past along with several hundred natural philosophers. The play is called *A Man's Shadow* in English, and is of the new and original kind which is borrowed from the French. There are in it an honest man, Laroque his name, who has a villainous double known as Luversan. There is a friend of Laroque's, Raymond de Noirville, barrister, and hero of the war. Raymond has a wife, Julie, once the mistress of Laroque, now that fury, a woman scorned. Julie is tempted to use Luversan as a tool to punish Laroque. Luversan murders a banker who lives opposite Laroque, and in sight of Laroque's wife and child. Need it be added that they are misled by the resemblance, that the innocent man is suspected, appearances are against him (for you see he owed money to the murdered man), is defended by Raymond de Noirville, that in the course of the trial the history of Julie is revealed to the barrister, that he dies of emotion, that the innocent man is condemned, but in due time escapes from prison, and returns to have his character cleared, partly by fortune, partly by the now repentant Julie. All ends happily, and Luversan meets the reward of his crimes. Here are surely indicated in a summary way (for one really cannot put the whole of a four-act melodrama into less than a column of print) the outlines of a sufficient though not very novel night's amusement. He or she who, having read this, goes to the Haymarket in the proper spirit, will not be, we promise them, disappointed. Of course if he, our gallantry will not permit us to suppose that she would be guilty of the folly, will insist on thinking of the joints, and will inquire whether the bones are as neatly put together as they might be, why, that is another story. We must confess that the limbs of the puppet, though they kick and flourish briskly, are fastened with unduly obvious pieces of wire. The word "why" does occasionally force itself on the critical mind in the course of the evening. What were the relations of Laroque and Julie; how does Luversan come to know as much as he does; how does such a glaring scamp contrive to walk into the houses of the most respectable people as if they were tap-rooms; why did Julie's secret not come out on the trial after all; and why, finally, did she, after keeping silence so long, come forward as she does in the last act? Was it that she did not know, or because she would not say? Some of these obscurities, and others we could mention if we chose, are simply due to the fact that the long explanations a French audience loves have been cut down to make way for the swift self-explanatory action dear to the English. Some of them are inherent to the play, but what do they matter? There is plenty of go in the piece, plenty of situations, plenty of good, honest, intelligible emotion, and that is enough.

The acting of the piece is even and capable. No doubt it

might be and will be improved in the course of the run; but there is nothing which strikes a spectator as manifestly below a fair standard, and not a little is really good. Mr. Tree will, we are sure, join the halves of his double performance as Laroque and Luversan. At present he is good in Laroque, and often very good as Luversan, but he hardly makes them alike enough. Perhaps there is a greater ring of sincerity in the representation of the "shadow"; but that may be partly accounted for by the fact that there is a better opportunity for character-acting in the villain than in the honest man. Of this we should not complain; but it is a fault that the two men should be so unlike as they are. The whole probability of the action depends on the likeness between the two; but as Mr. Tree presents them in the first act it would be impossible for the most hasty observer to confound them. At the first glance the difference between the copper-faced Luversan, with his raffish air, his staring eyes, his greasy, bad hat, his obviously ready-made clothes, and the strictly correct look and get-up of Laroque is too violent to allow of any mistake. A slight toning down of Luversan, a little approximation to similarity of costume between the two, would remove much of this defect, and greatly add to the probability of the action. It is but fair to say that the resemblance is better indicated in the last act than in the first two. Of the ladies we can speak with approval. Miss Minnie Terry makes a good stage child, a rôle which is almost always rather painfully artificial. Mrs. Tree does all there is to do with the somewhat colourless part of Henriette, Laroque's wife; and Miss Norreys is pleasing and acceptable as the servant Victoire. In the more effective part of the erring Julie de Noirville Miss Julia Neilson is so good that we could wish she would win even greater honour by dropping the emotional stage exit in three times, which is one of the worst and most universal traditions of bad acting. Among the minor male parts, the only one which gives many chances to the actor is Raymond de Noirville. Mr. Fernandez, whom we have never yet seen inferior to any part he had to do, played it with genuine force and was fully equal to the death scene in court—which, by the way, is about the best chance for strong acting in the piece. The other parts are taken in a workmanlike way.

Good nature or indifference to probability, literature, or common sense must be carried very far by him who can enjoy *The Middleman* at the Shaftesbury. The difference between the two plays is glaring. In *A Man's Shadow* the improbabilities seem capable of explanation—in *The Middleman* they are manifestly due, not to failure in the effort to construct a coherent story, but to sheer want of intelligent effort to lead up to an effective curtain without violating all verisimilitude. Essentially the piece is a common Surrey-side melodrama, in which there is a rich man with a son and a poor man with a daughter. These two love one another. They are separated by a stern, rich, and villainous father, only to appear at the end of the last act married, when everything is to be happily arranged. No reasonable man will complain of this material for a plot—only one does want a plot. Now there is no such thing in *The Middleman*, only a succession of unconnected events. The son disappears at the end of the first act. His father intercepts a letter to the girl. She, having reasons for hiding herself, runs away in the second act. The theft of the letter has no consequences. Then, at the end of the fourth act, they turn up married—having met nobody knows where—simply in order that a "curtain" may be made in which Mr. Willard shall occupy a central position. And this is only one instance of the haphazard way in which the old stock materials out of which the piece is made have been put together. Who would waste his time in taking to pieces and examining the machinery of such a pepper-mill as this? To be sure, the candid public has been asked to see something very different from an ordinary Surrey-side melodrama in *The Middleman*. It is, it seems, "palpitating with actuality," and deals boldly with the great labour question. Well, as for that, there is some talk in it about the hard lot of workpeople in mills—which does not sound quite new—and the central character, Cyrus Blenkarn, is an inventor who has been "exploited" by a manufacturer. Now beyond all doubt this is a character which might be made most effective on the stage. It is not new in literature. Bulwer Lytton, for one, has handled it in *The Last of the Barons*. That, however, is no great reproach to Mr. Jones—the fault of his inventor is, that he is not really sympathetic. He is, to begin with, a selfish old fool who, having made one useful discovery in pottery, then neglects his family and spends twenty years making futile experiments at the expense of the wicked capitalist. Finally, he makes his great discovery by a pure fluke. A furnace goes out sooner than he intended that it should, and his pottery is found just sufficiently baked. Obviously if he had had his way he would have bungled the experiment as he had done the others for twenty years. His reward for half a working lifetime of failure, for neglect of his duty as a father, and for the amazing luck which caused him to run out of money to buy coal at the right moment, is enormous wealth. That there is some truth in all this, which an artist of sufficient skill and cynicism might have made effective, we do not deny, but how it illustrates the villainy of middlemen or the wrongs of the poor, we fail to see. The gallery, however, applaud as if every man of them had made a great discovery, and been defrauded of the fruits. Yet if Cyrus Blenkarn had not had a middleman to supply him with funds, and look to the selling of his first discovery, how could he have had the leisure to spend twenty years' pottering over the second before his luck helped him?

A few words are enough for the acting. Mr. Willard is so clever a performer, that he could hardly go through four acts without doing well in parts of them. Accordingly, there are passages of his *Cyrus Blenkarn* which are truly excellent. He interprets very cleverly the moonstruck, vague, self-absorbed manner of the half-maniacal men who are for ever fumbling at discoveries, and do now and then, once in a thousand cases, perhaps, hit on something valuable. There are touches of excellent pathetic comedy from time to time. But when he ought to be tragic he is, save for a few flashes of power, coarse and loud. Throughout the third act his voice is a uniform, inexpressive, monotonous howl. Mr. Mackintosh is, as he commonly is, intelligent and credible as the capitalist Chandler. Mr. H. Cane gives a really clever rendering of the vulgar, low class man of business in the part of the manager Batty Todd. Miss Annie Hughes is lifelike in the part of *Blenkarn's* sensible daughter Nancy. The other performances call for no notice.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

AT home and abroad there is a strong tendency on the Stock Exchanges towards a further rise of prices; but it is held in check for the time being by uncertainty regarding the result of to-morrow's French elections, and by the apprehension of dear and scarce money by-and-by. The speculative spirit which has been rampant for so long has lost none of its strength. On the contrary, speculators argue that trade is improving everywhere, and is likely to go on improving for a considerable time to come; therefore that profits are larger than they were, and that consequently the saving classes have more money to invest. But larger savings necessarily tend towards higher prices, unless there is an unexpected increase in sound investment securities. Further, they contend that the great financial houses all over the world have entered into arrangements of many kinds, which make it necessary for them to assist in raising prices. The Russian Conversion, they point out, is not yet completed. The Egyptian Conversion was prevented a few months ago by the French Government, they observe, for purely political reasons; but as soon as the elections are over France will be sure to withdraw her objections to the measure. Then, again, France has to fund her inconveniently large floating debt and to convert her Four-and-a-Half per Cents. Over and above all this, there is scarcely a Government in the world which does not need money. And there are numerous industrial and other Companies to be brought out or to be provided with additional funds. Lastly, the speculators have lately come to the conclusion that the selling of securities in Paris, which was a necessary consequence of the failure of the *Comptoir d'Escompte* and the copper crash, has now very nearly come to an end. As long as that selling continued it was scarcely possible to raise prices on the Continental bourses. But it has been going on throughout the summer, and the general impression consequently is that it is now very nearly at an end. This argument refers more particularly to the Continental exchanges and the market for international securities in London. It is, however, also contended that everything points towards a recovery in the market for American railroad securities. For nearly three years now that market has been depressed. This year, however, the crops are all good; and good crops will not only give larger traffics to the railway Companies, but will improve trade. Further, it is predicted that the railway companies will cease quarrelling among themselves when there is plenty of business for all, and that as soon as wars of rates end the rise which has begun in the American market will be carried still further. And it is predicted with equal confidence that we are about to witness a greater boom in the market for South African shares than has yet been seen, since there is now sufficient evidence afforded that the gold-fields are really rich, and consequently general confidence is being inspired here at home. Notwithstanding the high prices of British railway stocks and other industrial securities, it is very confidently maintained that their prices will continue to rise—firstly, because of the steady improvement in trade; and, secondly, because the advance in all other departments will encourage speculation in home securities. For all these reasons, then, speculators argue that the rise in prices which has been witnessed for some years past is about to begin again, and to be carried further—provided always that peace is maintained and the money market does not become too difficult.

Assuming, however, that the result of to-morrow's elections is such as to reassure Stock Exchange operators, and that, consequently, there is a general rise in prices, operators will very soon have to give their attention to the money market. For the moment, the London money market is much easier than seemed probable a little while ago, but the reserve of the Bank of England is entirely too small, and the probability appears to be that next month there will be apprehension entertained that money will become so scarce and so dear as to imperil the position of reckless speculators. It is quite true that the action of the Secretary of the United States' Treasury has put an end to the fear so lately entertained that there will be a large American demand for gold from Europe. He has bought bonds upon so large a scale that he has supplied the New York money market with abundance of funds, and rendered it exceed-

ingly improbable that there will be any stringency in that market, for the present at all events. At the end of this month the interior demand for coin and notes to move the crops will be satisfied. Next month there will be a return flow of money to New York, and then no serious stringency is to be apprehended until the end of the year. The removal of the fear of a large American demand for gold has, of course, lessened the anxieties and apprehensions of speculators; but it has not, for all that, assured an easy money market throughout the year.

During the next six weeks there will be a large increase of the internal coin circulation. And if at the same time there should be large exports of gold the position might become very critical, unless the Bank of France were willing to part with enough of gold to relieve our difficulties here. The Bank holds at present over 53 millions sterling of the metal, and it clearly could part with many of those millions without danger to itself or any French interest. But whether the Directors would be willing to do so is another question. We may safely conclude that they would not, if there were any danger of disturbance at home or war abroad. Even if the political outlook were clear, there are reasons why they should wish to keep the Bank as strong as possible. One of these reasons is, the negotiations that have been begun for the renewal of the Latin Union. Whether justified or not, there is a belief in Paris that the French Government is inclined to take advantage of the financial difficulties of Italy to compel it to adopt a more friendly attitude towards France. Therefore people argue that the negotiations will be delayed, and that the French Government will rather affect a desire to break up the Union. That it may carry out this plan it is obviously necessary that the Bank of France should hold so much gold that it would appear to be in a position to face any danger that might arise, supposing the Latin Union broken up. Even if the French Government does not entertain the designs attributed to it, it is quite possible that the negotiations for other reasons may be protracted, and then also it would be desirable from the point of view of the Directors of the Bank of France to hold as much gold as that institution can retain. Then again, it is always to be recollected that much bad business was accumulated in Paris during the last year or two, that a crisis, indeed, was averted at the time of the failure of the *Comptoir d'Escompte* only by the intervention of the Bank of France, and that some day or other, therefore, there may be serious financial difficulties to face in Paris. That is another reason why the Bank of France should be unwilling to part with much of its gold. Still, it is hardly probable that the Directors of the Bank of France would allow the European stock markets to be disturbed by a money stringency in London; and consequently it may reasonably be assumed that, if gold be seriously needed here, it will be obtained from the Bank of France. But speculators would do well to recollect that, apart altogether from the political dangers which they recognize, there are the risks of a very dear and tight money market; and that, though the Bank of France may prefer to part with a considerable part of its gold rather than that the stock markets should be disorganized by stringency in the London money market, still there may be such stringency before the gold is parted with as may involve incautious speculators in serious losses.

KING JOHN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ANY lover of Shakspeare who went on Thursday to the Crystal Palace eager to see one of the finest of the historical plays, and one which has not been given in London for several years, might well be ready to overlook many shortcomings due to hasty preparation for a single performance, to make allowances for defects of stage management, and to be duly grateful if only he might hear a fair rendering of the play as a whole. Such a playgoer would have been most agreeably disappointed. The performance went without a hitch; the voice of the prompter was almost unheard, and, considering the small size of the stage, which could not but mar the effect of such scenes as those before Angiers, the stage management was excellent throughout. Indeed, the only fault to be found with the mounting of the play is that the arms of England on the banners were those of the present day. We have heard it rumoured that the preparations for producing the play occupied little more than a week, and if this be the case the degree of perfection attained is indeed remarkable.

To the majority of the audience probably the chief point of interest was the assumption of the part of King John by Mr. Tree, whose presentation of a very different Shakspearian character is fresh in all memories. Tall and gaunt, with a rather colourless face, thin light beard, and wandering eyes, he represented well the anxious claimant of a crown not his by right. Perhaps he made rather too much of this aspect of the character; a little more kingly dignity would not have been amiss in the scene, for instance, with the nobles in the fourth act. Mr. Tree was at his best in the two great scenes with Hubert—that in Act III., where he first broaches to him the death of Arthur, and again where he reproaches him with the murder. The former scene was led up to by a well-conceived piece of "business." The King, weary from battle, sets down his helmet encircled by the crown. Arthur takes it up and places it on his own head. John, seeing him, snatches the crown away,

and his hints to Hubert arise quite naturally from this incident and the thoughts which it suggests. The speech itself was admirably given. The guilty look and broken utterance, the nervous repetition of the words "I had a thing to say," were as good as they possibly could be. The conclusion of the scene lost something of its impressiveness by the omission, whether intentional or accidental, of the significant interchange of words which follows Hubert's promise so to keep Arthur "that he shall not offend your Majesty." The text runs thus:—

K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.

Hubert's impassive bearing through the scene makes John uncertain whether his meaning has really been understood, and this brief explanation is necessary and most forcible. But for some excessive clutching at Hubert's dress Mr. Tree's gesture in this scene was as good as his speech, and he made a most effective exit. Equally good in a different way was his defiance of the power of Rome—which, by the way, ought to have produced more effect than it did on the throng of soldiers and courtiers in whose presence it was uttered. Such a speech in those times would have made all around shrink in horror from him who made it. Mr. Tree was well supported in his best scenes by Mr. Fernandez as Hubert.

Next in interest to Mr. Tree's King John is undoubtedly the Arthur of Miss Norreys, whose success was complete. She looked the part to perfection, and spoke her lines admirably. In her scene with Hubert she showed true pathetic power, and produced a great effect upon her audience. Her fall from the castle window, by the way, was not well managed, and came dangerously near to provoking mirth. If Arthur must roll through a bush upon the stage, care should be taken that his tumble may not recall memories of last season's pantomime.

Mr. Macklin as Philip, the bastard, deserves to be spoken of with respect, if without enthusiasm. He has a manly presence and soldierlike bearing, and speaks his lines with vigour and distinctness, but his emphasis appears to us to be a little mechanical, and to be placed sometimes with regard rather for sound than for sense. Moreover, he does not quite succeed in hitting off the humorous side of the character. The part is one which makes great demands, physical and other, upon the actor. The bastard is at once adventurer, humourist, and resourceful man of action, and he has, moreover, to perform to some extent the functions of a Greek Chorus. Few actors could do all that the part requires; Mr. Macklin does a great deal. Miss Amy Roselle, too, deserves praise, but not unreserved praise, for her performance of Constance. She has force and passion, but she reminds one rather too frequently of the injured heroine of modern melodrama, and has certain tricks of style and gesture which jar on the spectator more in Shakspeare than in a modern play. Her earlier scenes were marred by a gasping utterance, which almost disappeared in the great scene of all, after Arthur's capture, with the King of France and the Cardinal. Here Miss Roselle was at her best. Her delivery of the speech to Pandulph affected the audience as nothing else in the whole play did, but she has not fully mastered the difficult art of speaking blank verse.

With regard to the remaining characters, it is only necessary to mention the admirable elocution and dignified bearing of Mr. Kemble as Pandulph, and Mr. Brookfield's clever little character-sketch of Robert Falconbridge. His make-up was excellent, and his stolid stare, awkward gait, and stooping shoulders, represented the loutish squire to the life. There was some defective elocution among the minor characters, one or two of whom were at times almost unintelligible, but the acoustic properties of the Crystal Palace Theatre probably leave something to be desired, and if Mr. Tree ever finds it advisable, as we hope he may, to produce *King John* at the Haymarket, these little shortcomings will, no doubt, be remedied.

A LAST ILLUSION.

[I will not vote for a separate Parliament for Ireland, and I will not vote for any measure or proposition or inquiry which could lead it to be supposed that this is an open question in my mind.—MR. JOHN MORLEY at Westminster in 1880.]

OH, hush thee! Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n, we cannot bear the blow,
The shock is too bewildering; oh, hush thee, and go slow,
Recall that strange quotation or explain it how you will,
But leave us, in Romance's name, one last illusion still.

It cannot! no, it cannot be that M-rl-y ever went
To such a length as *this* against a Home Rule Parliament,
That not a "measure" only, but "inquiry," he declined,
Lest that should seem to prove the question "open" in his mind.

O member for West Birmingham, you surely must have known
What idol-reputation by your speech was overthrown;
How desolate and desecrate now stands the shrine in which
The member for Newcastle filled a solitary niche.

You must have known—you could not fail to recognize the place
Which this philosopher has filled in this peculiar case,
How his uprightness seem'd to rise columnar from the ground,
Contrasting picturesquely with the moral ruins round.

Where's now our foil to H-re-rt? where that thoughtful, calm
recluse,
Who never rashly had (we thought) denounced Parnellian juice,
But stewed in it and liked it too—or so our fancy ran—
Long ere Sir William tumbled into that unsavoury pan?

Where, where is the believer, of the ripe and reasoned creed,
Not sprung, like some foul fungus, from the spawn of party
greed,
The steady burden of whose song rebuked the hurried tune
Of those who found salvation in a single afternoon?

Where is the man who symbolized to figurative taste
An island in the waters, an oasis in the waste,
The one green patch of living faith, 'mid wind-blown tracts of
rant,
The one firm spot of principle in quaking bogs of cant?

Where are they? gone like mists that in a moment disappear,
Like dreams when one awakeneth, like snows of yesteryear;
With H-re-rt he has had to learn of what that "juice" consists;
His faith is hardly better than the Scotch Salvationist's.

Nor skills it, Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n, to bid us recollect
How slowly causes acted here in yielding their effect,
And how, while many a weathercock at one day's notice veers,
Our M-rl-y's revolution was the work of several years.

Scant, scant the consolation, that while others scrupled not
To eat their newly-uttered words, their pledges hot-and-hot,
Our M-rl-y interposed a decent interval, at least,
Between the preparation and consumption of the feast.

Enough that he's consumed it now, enough that he has fed
On that ignoble diet, the Gladstonian's daily bread.
How long you keep, before you eat, your food is your concern;
Convictions are convictions, though you "hang" them till they
"turn."

But no! it cannot, shall not, be; it is not—that is flat;
He never said those words, believe we anything but that.
Reporters madly jotting down a speech he never spoke,
A press in league to perpetrate a vile and heartless joke.

Yes, spare us, Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n, this last illusion, pray;
Leave us the M-rl-y of our dreams—those dreams of yesterday—
The patriot pure, whose record no apostasies bedim,
The one consistent Parnellite we thought we found in him.

REVIEWS.

THE HANSE TOWNS.*

ALTHOUGH this book certainly does not tell the story of a nation, it is a welcome addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's series. It is, as its author claims, the only History of the Hanseatic towns which has been written in English, and it gives a picturesque and satisfactory account of the famous League of merchant cities, and the influence which it exercised on the material and social progress of Northern and Western Europe. Miss Zimmermann has worked up her subject carefully, and has treated it in a bright and attractive manner. Her early pages are unworthy of the rest, and contain some ambitious and feeble writing. The "wretched state of Ireland" has nothing to do with the matter in hand; and as she does not say anything more valuable about it than that it is a product of a survival of the Feudal system, she might as well have left it alone. The effect of this system in England was, we are told, to hinder the rise of the "British"—by which, we apprehend, she does not mean Welshmen—by practically restricting commerce to the exportation of wool, skins, lead, and tin, and by preventing the existence of a middle class. Her acquaintance with German town-life and commercial history is, happily, far better than this will lead her readers to expect. It is a pity that she has thought it necessary to refer to the *Germania*; for as she says that Tacitus notes the "absence of rank" among the Germans, it is scarcely possible that she has read it. We will not, however, dwell further on the few blots which may be found in this part of her volume. When she gets fairly into her proper subject there is little room for fault-finding, and the somewhat unfavourable impression which we received from her opening pages was soon removed by those which follow.

No precise date can be assigned to the foundation of the Hanse; it came into existence gradually, and had its origin in the desire of German merchants to defend themselves and their trade. The Leagues of the towns on the Rhine and the Baltic prepared the way for the greatness of the more famous Hanse, which seems to have first been officially known by that title at the time of its war with Waldemar III. of Denmark. For a century and a half before that war the merchant cities of Northern Germany had been growing in power, and had inflicted more than one defeat on the Danes—who, by the way, are rather

* *The Story of the Nations—The Hansa Towns.* By Helen Zimmermann. Author of "A Life of Lessing" &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

oddly said here to have been converted to Christianity "in the early times of our era." By the beginning of the fourteenth century the allied towns had attained great prosperity, though the Danes, "as masters of the Belt and the Sound, were able, if they chose, to harass the Hanseatic traders and fishermen." Waldemar, who wished to drive the strangers out of his dominions, laid heavy taxes on their fisheries in Scania, and, when the towns resisted, sacked Wisby, then one of the principal ports in Europe and the storehouse of all the wealth of the Baltic trade. A spirited account is given of the war. It ended in the humiliation of the Danes and in the establishment of the supremacy of the Hanse over Scandinavia. Chief of the League was Lübeck, which then "counted eighty thousand inhabitants, as against forty-eight thousand in 1870." There, for the most part, the towns held their Diets; her influence was undisputed down to the sixteenth century, and her laws "were reckoned the wisest ever framed by an autonomous community." Little appears to be known as to the organization of the League or the number of its members. Yet it is clear that order and obedience were strictly enforced, and as the punishment of un-hansing brought ruin on the offending town there were few cases of insubordination. Miss Zimmern writes pleasantly of the life of the merchant-class in these German towns, of the riches of the burghers, their sports, which were sometimes rough and barbarous, and their love of display, of the stately buildings which they raised, and of their encouragement of learning and art. Violence and selfishness were checked by the ordinances of their guilds, which bound them to fulfil religious and social obligations, and, above all, to relieve their poorer brethren. The trade of the League was widespread and various, for it carried and dealt in the produce of every land in Europe:—

What the German merchant obtained as produce from Russia, Scandinavia, and other parts of Europe, not to mention the special productions of his own towns, he distributed either at home or in the world-famed markets of Bruges and London, for the Hansa was then the only intermediary between East and West. For more than three hundred years Bruges maintained its place as the central market for the whole of Europe this side the Alps. Here could be met traders from all parts; the Lombard bankers and money-changers, the Florentine, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Basque, English, Scotch, North and South Germans. It was from Bruges that the Baltic merchant supplied his home and Northern Germany with the products of the East, which the South German had brought from Venice and over the Alpine passes along the Rhine. In Bruges he could buy the fruits of the Mediterranean, the silks of Florence, the oils of Provence, the wines of Spain and Italy.—P. 100.

Some interesting particulars are given about the factories of the League in different cities. At Bergen the Hanseatics held the entire control of the port and exercised a practical suzerainty over the town. Novgorod "the Great," where they treated the Russians with contempt, was one of the most important seats of their trade until their power in Russia was brought to a sudden end by Ivan the Terrible. In the Flemish cities they enjoyed extensive privileges and lived more securely and in greater luxury than they could among the less civilized peoples of the North. In Venice they were subject to many restrictions which they would not have endured if imposed by a Northern State; they had no regular factory there, and the graceful colonnade of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi still marks the place where the Venetians allowed them only at stated times to store their merchandise. Miss Zimmern has much to say that is well worth reading about the relations between England and the Easterlings, as the Hanseatic merchants were called here, and indeed in France also; the name, of course, survives in our phrase sterling money. The factory in London, the Steelyard, became, as she reminds us, a favourite resort of the citizens, who used to sit in the Germans' pleasant garden in Cosin's Lane and drink Rhenish wine at threepence a bottle. In the Steelyard, as in their other settlements, the Hanseatics lived as the members of a single household; they were governed by their own officers, were under strict discipline, and were forbidden to marry during their residence in the factory. Besides their establishment in London they had dépôts in several other English cities. Their privileges were guaranteed in the reign of Edward IV. by the Treaty of Utrecht. This treaty was the result of a long war between England and the Hanse Towns, in the course of which the Easterlings did much damage to English trade, seized many ships, and even plundered some parts of the coast. Miss Zimmern omits to mention that they chased and nearly captured Edward IV. when he was fleeing from England in 1470.

As the rise of the League was gradual, so was its decay. Its fall cannot be referred to any single date, for Miss Zimmern rightly rejects the picturesque story of a formal dissolution decreed in the Lübeck Hansa Saal in 1630 by the representatives of all the members. The manifold causes of its decline are well brought out. The Hanse Towns had no manufactures; they devoted all their energies to carrying and trading, and their prosperity was founded on excluding all others from sharing in the sources of their wealth. When, therefore, the conditions of mediæval commerce gave way before the wider system of the sixteenth century, and the maritime States of Northern and Western Europe began to find out new routes for trade, and to send out their own ships into all waters, the fall of the League became certain. In England, for example, the overthrow of its factory was the direct consequence of the opening of trade with Russia by the White Sea, and of the foundation of the Company of Merchant Adventurers, which, in accordance with the suggestions of Sir Thomas Gresham, repeatedly urged the expulsion of the alien merchants. Special causes—first, the damage done to

Bruges by Frederick III., and, later, the revolt of the Netherlands from Spain—hastened the decline of its trade in the Low Countries. Sweden and Denmark broke the yoke which the Hanseatics had so long imposed upon them, and the conquest and partition of Livonia destroyed their power in the Baltic. Internal jealousies also did much to ensure the downfall of the League. The interests of the maritime and the inland towns were not always the same, and the want of concord between the members of the Hanse was the chief cause of its ill success in its strife with the Danes and Swedes. The incidents of this war are told with much force. It followed shortly after a series of brilliant successes, during which the League drove Christian II. of Denmark from his kingdom, and set Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein and Gustavus Vasa on the thrones of Denmark and Sweden. The two Kings turned against their benefactors, and determined to deliver their lands from the oppression of the Hanse. Miss Zimmern records the gallant attempt of Jürgen Wullenweber of Lübeck, "the last great Hanseatic hero," to restore the power of the League in the North. His captain was Max Meyer, a blacksmith by trade, who had left his forge to become a soldier of fortune, had done some service in a war with the Spanish Netherlands, and had been knighted by Henry VIII. The forces of the League were defeated, and Wullenweber's fall was brought about by local, religious, and class jealousies. His plans were thwarted by Cologne and censured by the Diet, and his power in Lübeck was destroyed by a municipal revolution. As a Lutheran he was obnoxious to the Catholics, who accused him of being an Anabaptist; and, as a Democrat, he was hated by the burgher aristocracy. He fell into the hands of his enemies, and, after suffering a long imprisonment and many tortures, was put to death by his fellow-citizens. Miss Zimmern's volume is appropriately illustrated with views of some of the noblest municipal buildings in the ancient Hanseatic towns, and with some quaint drawings exhibiting the manners and occupations of the German trading class in the middle ages.

NOVELS.*

WILD DARRIE was a circus-rider of the greatest skill.

She married a yeoman called Andrew Deering, and had a child called Ada. She then ran away with a thief called Tricky Bill; and, being concerned with him in a theft of banknotes, they both got penal servitude. The point of the book is how Mr. and Mrs. Deering are to be reconciled. Ada Deering has become engaged to one Griffith Broadhurst; but Tricky Bill, by chance having Mrs. Deering in his company, steals one of the wedding presents. Mrs. Deering assists in his capture; but her reappearance causes Ada's wedding to be postponed for a year, and causes Deering to emigrate to Kansas with Mrs. Deering, disguised under her maiden name as a poor relation, and Ada. Here a dashing cowboy proposes to Ada, but is refused. Griffith Broadhurst, appearing at the end of his year, is duly married, and immediately finds gold on his father-in-law's farm, but it is found on the next night by Tricky Bill, who has come with four desperate ruffians to find it. They, however, are detected finding it by Mrs. Deering, who heard Tricky Bill shouting in a wood, and came to look for him. She also sees a half-breed come up to the ruffians to say that the Indians are out, and that he is going to warn Deering. Tricky Bill shoots the half-breed to prevent him doing so, and Mrs. Deering sets the forest alight to stop the Indians. However, she all but burns herself and the cowboy, Abe Hooker, who has come to look for her, and eventually, in escaping from the flames, falls down a precipice and is supposed to have died. She does not go back to Deering because he has not forgiven her, but joins her old circus, which she meets on its way round the world. With the circus she at last arrives at the village in England where Deering is, with his daughter and son-in-law, entertaining Abe Hooker in a noble mansion bought with the gold. Here she casually meets her granddaughter, who shows her her own tombstone with a pathetic inscription. She faints, and soon dies of consumption, which she has had for a long time, in her husband's house, he having forgiven her. As may thus be seen, there are many thrilling incidents in the book, and they are all well told. Unfortunately the solemn part of the book is not only solemn, but of disproportionate length. We should well have liked to have heard more of the circus, of which there is a little, and of Abe Hooker, of whom there is more. As to Tricky Bill, he and his companions were caught by the Indians. One was shot, the others "lasted a month or two, and when it was plain they could not last any longer they were finished."

The Red Hill Mystery is an ingenuous, not to say a crude, work. When a young lady, who has had a sister called Madoline, who has disappeared in a mysterious way, comes to a house, in the garden of which there is a disused well, partly filled up, we hardly need a haunted room, and a ghost of the old-fashioned and orthodox kind, to make us sensible that the mystery is progressing as it should. When, too, there is a

* *Wild Darrie*. By Christie Murray and Henry Herman. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

The Red Hill Mystery. By Kate Wood. London: Digby & Long.

A Ruined Race. By Hester Sigerson. London: Ward & Downey, 1889.

Such is Life. By May Kendall. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1887.

swarthy baronet with restless and furtive eyes, and a ghastly scar on his cheek, over whose countenance passes a look of "surprise, horror, and sickly fear," the terrible things which afterwards come to light may shock but can hardly surprise us. What the mystery actually is, wild horses could not tear from us. But it may be well to point out that halting English does not heighten its effect. To the question, "Am I brushing your hair too hard?" the sentence, "I assured her, 'No'; being so thick I hardly felt the brush," is not the right answer. A lady may be excused for not knowing the difference between *oratio recta* and *oratio obliqua*, under those names, but she should avoid mistakes with inverted commas, such as Mr. Stanley "asked in a low anxious voice, 'Could I forgive him?'" when really he said, "Can you forgive me?" The heroine should not have expected her hair to "lay" flat; and her sister's story, though very mysterious, cannot have been really "incredulous."

A *Ruined Race* is the tragic story of one Dan Macmanus. He was an Irish tenant, and was duly made the victim of every form of oppression ever imputed to landlordism. In the first place, his father, who brought up his family on a sixty-acre farm, naturally divided it between his two sons, so that Dan only got two fields which were flooded in wet weather, and two which he had reclaimed himself on the mountain side. On the strength of these possessions he married, but after three children had been born he had to part with the two reclaimed fields, and after three wet seasons with the flooded ones. After this, owing to the proceedings of a spendthrift landlord, a harsh agent, and a malignant bailiff, he was evicted from the cabin to which he had been forced to retire. Having assaulted the bailiff he got sent to gaol for nine months, and his wife went mad and died in the infirmary workhouse. He subsequently died miserably in Dublin. To make Dan's character complete, he was the descendant of a noble family, who owned all the property in the neighbourhood of his original farm, which they lost, indirectly owing to the Penal Laws and more directly to a flaw in a perpetual lease. This, however, is merely a detail, for which his landlord can only be held to have been remotely responsible. The story is told with a good deal of imaginative power, especially the death of Dan's last remaining daughter, though the agony is rather prolonged. It is, however, too much of a quasi-political tract to afford a proper scope for the literary powers of the author. It is to be observed that Macmanus lived and died before 1870. The author, however, seems to doubt whether legislation which has taken place since then will not produce changes "only of form, and not of fact." This is rather hard on Mrs. Gladstone, to whom the book is dedicated.

There were two families of Everards—Halbert, Jim, and Elsie in one family, and their cousin Ida in another. They were all "great souls," or wished to be. So they all turned Agnostics at about twelve, except Elsie, who thought that she need not have any opinions until she was sixteen. Halbert and Jim had warm tempers, and never concealed their thoughts. Halbert used to tell Jim that he hated him, and wished he was dead, to which Jim replied with an *ego quoque*. Halbert told his mother that he would not pray for his father, because he hated him, on which his mother let him off his prayers. But he made it up afterwards, saying, "Mother, I shall, perhaps, try to get over my dislike of father; I think it may be a prejudice." Ida was an idealist who "did not know, and probably never would, the difference between a passing thunder-cloud and nightfall." However, she had some indefinite "woes," on which she mused. These agreeable and intelligent young persons grew up without doing anything more exciting than going to parties which they disliked, and talking in an intelligent way. Then Jim married Lilian Rivers, an old schoolmistress of Ida's. Ida used to think she was "a great soul," but really "she was saving all to be a great soul in the next world," so Jim's relations were greatly disgusted at the match. Another objection was that he was in love with Nan Thomson, an old schoolfellow of Ida's, who had become a hospital nurse. However, he married Lilian, and we hear no more of Nan, which is a pity, as she is much the most amusing person in the book. As a poetic compensation Ida fell in love with Lionel Blake, an old schoolfellow of Jim's and an artist who soon became famous. However, she did not marry him either, because he found out that his real name was Evans, and that he was the son of a man who drew pictures on the pavement, and who died a natural death after a coroner's jury had found an inquisition against him for murder. Lionel was so much annoyed at this that he went off to America, but was drowned on the way, where he laid down his life "like a courteous English gentleman, and so went down with the captain on deck." The only amusing parts of the book are where Jim falls in love with Nan in the hospital, and where Lionel nearly dies of starvation because he is too proud to ask for money which a man owed him for a picture. Otherwise, the young persons concerned indulged freely in the habit which Ida imputes to Lilian of "saying things which sounded lovely, but that did not exactly mean anything."

TIMBER AND SOME OF ITS DISEASES.*

FORESTRY is a craft which is well worthy of far more attention than it has hitherto received. The combination

* *Timber and some of its Diseases.* By H. Marshall Ward, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S. With Illustrations. Nature Series. London: Macmillan & Co.

of utility with beauty in the cultivation of trees is hardly to be matched by any other pursuit to which man has devoted himself. We were all foresters, more or less, in the earliest days, and must have both acquired and inherited a great love of trees from the beginning, however far off that may have been in point of time. The living tree was our protection and the harbour for our game when we were nothing but hunters, and the dead tree gave us the wood on which we first practised the arts. The beauty of the tree is one thing, and the beauty of the timber, from which so many beautiful works of art are made, is altogether another thing, and it is a mere platitude to say that without the beauty of the one the beauty of the other would be non-existent. The primeval forests throughout the world have afforded us timber of all sorts in almost unlimited quantity, and so far we have had nothing to do but to cut it down, and use each variety of wood for the purpose for which it appeared to us to be best adapted. But there must be an end to all this reckless way of going to work some day, and forestry must be pursued as an art and a science.

The book before us is a short work of the Nature Series, and, therefore, scientific, but scientific with a practical end in view. Mr. Ward, the author, is a professor of botany, and has directed his attention to the botany of trees, but more especially, in this instance, to the growth of timber in the first place, and the diseases of trees, which injuriously affect the timber, in the second place. It is a very useful and welcome contribution to an important branch of forestry in a handy form, and, as the author says in the preface, "it is an attempt at a popular exposition of a subject almost unknown in this country." That it should be almost unknown in this country, where so much planting has been done for purposes of ornament, or for covert for game, or to occupy waste land, where the English oak grows and flourishes, from which we used to build our renowned navy, is surprising. Mr. Ward quotes the Germans, and refers to the museum of forest botany at Munich, for his authorities, the study of the subject in this country having only just begun. The illustrations in the book are from drawings explanatory of the text, and fulfil that purpose clearly and accurately. The structure of timber is described in detail. The cortex is "more popularly the 'bark' (an unfortunate word, which has caused much trouble in its time)." Technical terms are used, and we must refer to the book for an explanation of the words *cambium*, *tracheides*, &c. The "so-called" annual rings in timber, to which Mr. Ward refers, are, in truth, annual rings caused by the year's growth; there is, therefore, no good reason why the fashionable participle *so-called* should be applied to them. They are formed from the cambium, the visible rings marking the periods of activity and inactivity in winter and summer. In some wood the rings are not visible, and in the tropics timber without the annual rings is most common, because the seasons of growth are not separated by seasons of rest. In this climate there is a difference in the formation of spring wood and autumn wood, of which the autumn wood is the superior in quality. "Very many woods, as is well known, exhibit marked peculiarities in their inner or 'heart-wood'—the *duramen* of botanists—which is harder, or heavier, or of some decided colour, and constitutes a true 'heart-wood,' as contrasted with the softer, lighter, non-coloured 'sap-wood' (*alburnum*): in other cases no obvious differences are to be noticed, and the tree is said to have no 'heart,' but to consist entirely of 'sap-wood.'"—P. 41. The weight of wood, as we all know, differs much. The seasoned timber of the Indian tree, *Hardwickia binata*, weighs about 80 lbs. the cubic foot, while a cubic foot of *Bombax malabaricum* may weigh less than 20 lbs. Generally speaking, wood may be said to weigh 30 lbs. to 60 lbs. the cubic foot. The principal timber trees are botanically classed as *conifers* and *dicotyledons*, and it is hardly necessary to point out which is which; the yew and the juniper are classed with the conifers. There has been a great controversy respecting the ascent of water in tall trees. How is it that water can rise from the roots to the top of trees 300 to 400 feet high? A long chapter, chapter iv., is devoted to this subject, and the author gives the explanation, which seems to him the only possible one. It may not occur to the ordinary observer that the ascent of water from the roots to the top shoot of a lofty tree has been a puzzle to learned men, but such is the case; and the various theories advanced to account for this phenomenon in the formation of wood are expounded, and refuted or supported as the case may be, in this chapter.

The latter half of the book treats of the diseases of trees, which, it is superfluous to say, damage the timber to a considerable extent, and cause much waste. These consist chiefly of fungus parasites, which attach themselves to a wound in the tree, and, under favourable conditions of moisture, &c., grow and spread. The principal destructive fungi mentioned are *Trametes radiciperda*, *Agaricus melleus*, *Polyporus sulphureus*, with some others. The second of these is a tawny yellow toadstool, very common in this country, and is often supposed to be simply springing from the dead, rotten wood, instead of being the cause of the fatal disease. The book itself must be consulted for full information on these subjects, so important to foresters, who in lopping off branches, or in examining the injuries caused by gales of wind or snow, will do well to take means to prevent the establishment of fungi in the injured parts. Many a goodly tree is found, when felled, to be rotten at the core from the insidious operations of a parasitic fungus. Dry rot is of

two kinds, caused by fungi. The most common and well known is *Merulius lacrymans*, the other is the *Polyporus vaporarius*, common in forests, which is a wound parasite. Dry-rot has been so long a plague to builders or rather, perhaps, to the employers of builders, that it is wonderful the means of prevention here pointed out are not more universally employed. Mr. Ward says of dry-rot:—"The spores are developed in countless myriads from the fructifications described, and they are extremely minute and light; it has been proved that they can be carried from house to house on the clothes and tools &c. of workmen. . . . Hartig proved that the spores can be carried from the wood of one building to that of another by means of the saws of workmen" (p. 189).

"Canker" and the larch disease have a chapter, x., to themselves. Mr. Ward only just alludes to canker in apple-trees, which, as it is a plague to gardeners, is disappointing; but enlarges on the larch disease, "which has caused such costly devastations in plantations." The larch, a most valuable tree, in consequence of the unusual combinations of rapid growth and durability, is an Alpine tree, growing naturally at an elevation of from 3,000 to 6,000 feet and more, above sea level. And to its cultivation in lowland valleys is attributed the larch disease, which is a "canker" and a fungus readily communicated from tree to tree. Mr. Ward always writes "canker" thus, not approving of the name, which, he says, is derived by analogy from cancer with no warrant in fact.

There are interesting chapters on leaves and leaf diseases which every one knows must be of the greatest importance in the formation of timber. There are also chapters on the "damping off" of seedlings due to the ravages of fungi, a source of great vexation to the nurseryman. For these we must refer the reader to the book, which is a very good and instructive introduction to a branch of forestry, a pursuit which, we trust, has a great future before it. The book is small, compact, and businesslike, and is furnished with a good index.

OXFORD SCHOLARSHIP.*

WITHIN the last few months three volumes have been issued from the Clarendon Press at Oxford, each of which is in itself important, and each by itself sufficient to wipe away the reproach of sterility which has been so often and too justly charged against the refined taste and deep erudition of many Oxford scholars. Two of these volumes are entirely new, and the other is an old friend in a new shape. Before we discuss the works of Professor Henry Nettleship and Mr. Sydney Owen it will be pleasant and convenient to clear the ground before us by dealing shortly with the second edition of Mr. Robinson Ellis's *Commentary on Catullus*. More than twelve years have passed since the first edition saw the light, and more than thirty since the author first devoted himself to a department of Latin scholarship which to a less considerable scholar would have been the labour of a lifetime. But in the interval which has passed between the first and second editions Mr. Ellis has exercised his powers on other texts, and it might have been supposed that he had put Catullus aside as an author on whom he had spoken his last word. But a good many things have happened since 1876; a good many criticisms were passed, in England and on the Continent, most of them laudatory, but not all of them acquiescent, and one of them manifestly unfair. Of these the fairest and also the most important was the *Criticisms and Elucidations* of H. A. J. Munro, and at many places it has left its impress on the second edition of Mr. Ellis's *Commentary*; in every case Munro's views have been carefully considered, and sometimes adopted, although Mr. Ellis, in gently putting aside the emendations (which form "the least able portion" of Munro's volume), hints a mild surprise that he has so often dissented from Munro's conclusions, "even on points of syntax, where he might be expected to speak with absolute authority." Of the *Commentary* of Bährens Mr. Ellis evidently finds it difficult to write with the moderation which has characterized most of the disputes between modern scholars. "Any one [he says] who takes the trouble to examine this work will see how greatly the author is indebted to my pages, and how little acknowledgment he has made of his debts." Then he goes on:—"If he mentions my name, it is more often to depreciate than to praise. His own commentary is lengthy and not too attractive in style; crowded, too, with impossible emendations which waste many pages and much time." Of Riese Mr. Ellis speaks with considerable appreciation; so, again, of Eugène Benoist, whose edition (only half completed) "follows me so very closely that it might almost seem a reproduction of my own work in the French language." Some points of fresh interest were brought out last year in the Tauchnitz edition by Bernhard Schmidt. All these books, either in form or in effect, were partially at least criticisms of Mr. Robinson Ellis's original work, and in the second edition it has been necessary to take account of everything in them which was noteworthy. To

enumerate even a small proportion of the changes introduced, the notes enlarged or revised, and the supplementary remarks, added would make a long article, nor would it be interesting except to one who was far advanced in Catullian scholarship. It is enough to say that anybody able to appreciate the first edition ought to buy the second. One special point in the new volume is mentioned in the preface; it recalls the attention of scholars to the earliest period of Catullian criticism, when so much was done that was ignored by later scholars, so much that has been restored to its proper place by the Catullian revival in which Mr. Ellis was himself a leader.

Not contented with these important and laborious *Contributions to Latin Lexicography*, Professor Henry Nettleship, in a melancholy preface, laments that he has not been able to make them much greater than they are. Indeed, he has some reason to feel aggrieved, not against anybody in particular, but against everybody in general—everybody, that is to say, who might have assisted him but has not done so. Some fourteen years ago he was invited by the delegates of the Oxford University Press and undertook (with a light heart, apparently) to compile a Latin-English Lexicon fit to stand alongside of Liddell and Scott. He has been working at his task for some twelve years, and has now completed not much more than a tenth part of it. He had counted, in his sanguine youth, upon receiving adequate assistance from other scholars; but he tells us that, except for "some isolated contributions from friends," the work has been left to him alone, and he could not carry it out by himself. Accordingly, he has now published as much as he has been able to finish—the whole of letter A and a number of articles and notes under the other letters, making altogether a bulky volume of some 600 pages, each of which represents an amount of tedious labour difficult to realize by anybody who has not taken a part in it. Professor Nettleship tells us that he made Lewis and Short the basis of his projected Lexicon, and has published nothing which he does not think to be "a necessary improvement upon that work." One great convenience, which we hope to see adopted by any scholars who may carry on Professor Nettleship's work, is his careful arrangement of the authors referred to under each head of interpretation according to their chronological order. That by itself is a great help towards grasping the gradual developments of usage, either towards extension or restriction. Other noticeable points in Professor Nettleship's *Contributions* are the number of Proper Names which he has collected from the *Corpus Inscriptionum*, and the care which he has taken to bring up all that was worth saving from the remains of the early Latin scholars, lexicographers, or commentators. A book like this can only be reviewed by sample, unless the reviewer is both willing and able to spend as much time in testing it as the author in writing it. But, so far as we have tried Professor Nettleship's arrangements of the articles under letter A, we have only found a single case of displacement or omission. On looking for *arcesso* at its natural place, on p. 264, next after *arcessitor*, we do not find it, or any reference to it. We have to go back to p. 17, where it is printed next after *accesso*, and next before *accessa*. Again, when so much in lexicography proper has been omitted which we should have been glad to see accomplished, it seems a pity that Professor Nettleship should have devoted ten of his learned pages, under the head of *Jus Gentium*, to an article which would have better found its place in a legal treatise. Professor Nettleship laments that he enjoys "but little time for keeping abreast with the advances in method made by the new school of comparative philologists." He fully recognizes the value of their work, but has not been able to avail himself of it in the etymologies which he has himself suggested. Indeed, as he tells us quite frankly, he has generally based any new hypothesis, not upon the "rigid laws" which govern the changes of sound and accent, but upon considerations affecting the meaning and usage of a word. Many of these new hypotheses are ingenious, and some are evidently sound; none of them are frivolous, although some are difficult to accept, even for those who have not been trained in the rigidities of the New School. We must content ourselves with shortly indicating a few of the new views which Professor Nettleship claims to have put forward. He dismisses, of course, *s.v. Adulter*, the absurd etymology from *ad* and *altar*; argues that the second syllable *ul* is verbal; proves that the different usages point to an idea of "corruption," and therefore conjectures as the origin a base *ol* or *ul*, "which perhaps meant originally to wet or spoil with moisture (comp. *ab-ol-ere*). The form of the word, he adds, is "exactly like that of *cul-ter*, literally the striker." Under *Armentum* he first suggests the commonly accepted derivation from *aro*, but seems to prefer an alternative origin which connects it with words like *ar-tis* and *ar-ma*, as coming from *ar-*, to join or fit; in this sense *armentum* would mean a beast that can be fitted or joined either to a plough or another animal. Under *Cerimonia* he rejects the ancient derivations (*cere*, *caritas*, and *carere*); he does not favour the modern suggestions that it is connected with *kar* (to make), *cere*, *cerus*, and *creare*; finally he prefers to connect it with the base *kā* (to think), *kav-is* (a wise man), *κοῖν*, *cavere* and *cura*. Thus he makes it to stand for *cav-i-ri-mōnia*, and like *agri-monia* it would then be an abstr. f. from a lost participle adj., *caviri-mon* = thoughtful or wise. Under *Recens* Professor Nettleship agrees with Darmesteter that the word is a present participle, but holds that the lost verb is not *recere* = to come back; but *recere* = to flow, "the base of which stands to *rig*- of *rig-are* as that of *plec-sus* does to that of *pli-care*. Thus, Cat. 63. 7 (*recente sanguine*)

* *A Commentary on Catullus*. By Robinson Ellis, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, University Reader in Latin Literature. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1889.

Contributions to Latin Lexicography. By Henry Nettleship, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1889.

P. Ovidi Nasonis Tristium Libri V. Recensuit S. G. Owen, A.M. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1889.

is explained "flowing blood," and Virg. A. 6. 674 (*prata recentia riu*) "as watered by streams," and 6. 450 (*recens a vulnere Dido*) "with the blood flowing from her wound." For the idea of freshness which seems to be attached to most of the uses of the word, Professor Nettleship accounts by deriving it from freshness in plants, "which implies moisture." That is hardly satisfactory. But there is more plausibility in the quotation from the scholia on Lucan, 2. 123 (*festæ rantia mensa Imposuit*) where *rantia* is explained as = *recentia*. These few specimens which we have quoted may give some idea of one aspect of one side of Professor Nettleship's recent work in Latin Lexicography. Really there is no fault to find with his *Contributions*, except that they are too few, although they are many for one man to have made in a dozen years. Is there any hope that the publication of this volume will arouse other scholars in Oxford or elsewhere to collaborate with Professor Nettleship in a work which is crying aloud for somebody to undertake it?

It is not easy to speak too highly of the acute and laborious work done by a young scholar like Mr. Owen in his edition of the text of the *Tristia*. But he has not only been acute and laborious; he has been exceptionally lucky, and has made haste to share his good fortune with his brother scholars. During his work in the Bodleian Library he lighted upon a codex of the highest value and he has made the fullest use of it. But let him tell his own tale in his own enthusiastic Latin:—"Sed ecce res præclara . . . ipsa editio Parmensis a. 1477 collationibus et adnotationibus ipsius Politiani manu instructa felici quodam casu mihi oblata est." The Bodleian copy turned out to be the very one which had been kept at the beginning of the century in the Laurentian Library—"unde quomodo exulaverit incertum est. Let us not be too curious as to the adventures by which it found its way to the hands of Bodley's librarian. Let us be content that it fell into Mr. Owen's. Its history is unknown. "Illud autem solum constat hoc exemplar pretiosum a curatioribus bibliothecæ Bodleianæ a. 1833 emptum esse vendentibus bibliopolis Londiniensibus Paynio et Fossio septuaginta duobus et semissis aureis." It appears that Politian had by him two codices which have since been lost, one (Marcianus A), which Mr. Owen assigns to the eleventh century, and another (Mediceus δ), which was more recent, and which may be conjecturally attributed to the thirteenth century. Where Politian makes no remark, Mr. Owen assumes that these two codices were in agreement both with each other and with the printed text. It is not possible to indicate here the use which Mr. Owen has made of his exceptional advantages, or to state even in outline his theory of the relations between the different classes of codices. It is enough to say that he has done much, although he has left much more to be done by himself or his successors, towards establishing the text of the *Tristia*. By the liberality of the University Press he has been enabled to increase the value of his book by two beautiful reproductions—one of the first page of the *Codex Laurentianus* and the other of the first page of the *Codex Tyronensis*. It may be interesting to notice that with the conservatism of a true scholar Mr. Owen defends the traditional title of the work to which he has devoted so much labour. He states the objection candidly enough:—"Illud autem admirabile mihi semper visum est, adjectivum nuda positum inscriptionis loco stare." He points out that "*Tristia*" is not analogous to such titles as the Greek *ἐρωτικά* and *γεωργικά* or the Latin *Punica* or *ruralia*. "Cum omnia sint adjectiva substantivis derivata, substantivorum munere ultro funguntur." For an explanation of the difficult and perhaps doubtful title he goes to Callimachus, who was to Ovid as well as to Propertius both a model and a master. He recollects a familiar passage in Suidas, in which the works of Callimachus are enumerated, last in the list being *Μέλις*, *Ἰβρις*, &c. &c.—an enumeration which has excited the wrath of Schneider (*id quod Schneidero maxime offensum est*). But Mr. Owen suggests "non μέλι sed μέλας ita legendum ut μέλας Græce idem quod *tristia* Latine valeat." By this conjecture Mr. Owen is able at once to explain a familiar title which he would have been unwilling to give up, and to vindicate the reputation of Suidas—both of them laudable and pious objects.

NOVELS.*

MR. B. L. FARJEON is clever in describing crime, in leading his readers on from one palpitating horror to another. Murder creeps with cunning step through his pages; ghostly whispers, ghostly horrors strike terror to the imaginative mind;

* *A Young Girl's Life*. By B. L. Farjeon. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

Roger Ferron. By Katharine S. Macquoid. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

Feet of Clay. By Amelia E. Barr. London: James Clark & Co.

A Dash of Bitter. By Deane Hilton. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Pharaoh's Daughter: a Story of the Ages. By Edgar Lee. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

Trollope's Dilemma: a Story of a Cambridge Quad. By St. Aubyn. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

Miss Davis of Brooklyn. By Wenona Gilman. London: George Routledge & Sons.

the lights burn more dimly, and a throbbing fear of the "big dark" comes with the closing of the second volume. A gleam of hope is permitted, however, early in the third volume, and we do feel confident that the agony, though it is piled up high as Haman, will fall away at last and the lover and his lass will be happily married. But for this sure hope it would be impossible to endure the long chronicle of sickening cruelty to a child which we have before us in *A Young Girl's Life*. We are bound to say that it is a most unpleasant and unprofitable book, although fascinating with the fascination of horror. It deals with the fortunes of Evelina Durham, whose parents died when the said Evelina was ten years old. The little orphan was a considerable heiress, and was left by her father's will to the care of two guardians, who in their turn placed her in charge of her aunt, Mrs. Parker. This fiendish woman conceives the idea of driving the child mad that she may retain the charge of her and the consequent income, and through long years a system of cruel bullying is carried out. This part of the story, though disagreeable, is well told—the lighter, and what should be the sympathetic parts, are badly told. There is a marked inconsistency between the way in which the child writes and speaks. We cannot feel any great sympathy with a young lady of fourteen who has a mild flirtation with the butcher's boy, even though the butcher's boy eventually takes to literature and makes a success in penny-dreadfuls. The virtuous nurse and her worthy brother, the grocer, are suitable characters for the transpontine stage, and in our mind's eye we see the hat lifted for the gallery sentiment; but such people are not met with in real life, and in these days a so-called modern novel must be truthfully descriptive to be interesting. This is certainly not the best thing we have ever read from Mr. Farjeon's pen.

Roger Ferron; and other Stories, have been mostly, if not all, reprinted from various magazines. With one exception they are all mildly interesting, gracefully written little stories, very improving in their sentiments, and quite harmless. We said "with one exception," and we joyfully except the story of "The Ratcheter of Hameln," under which title we recognize our old and well-beloved friend, the Pied Piper. Always new, though so old, always fascinating, though so familiar, comes the sound of that pipe; the children turn from their play to listen, and the hearts of the old dance to the wilful tempting tune. It is not possible to judge quite dispassionately of this story as written by Mrs. Macquoid. A stronger voice than hers has spoken, and the echo is still in our ears, so that we must needs love the new story for the old sake's sake! *Roger Ferron* is a faithful picture of the *vie bourgeoise* in a small town in Northern France, and as such must be valuable, however slight is the sketch. We know too little in England of the simple life of our French neighbours of the middle class, which nevertheless closely resembles our own in many respects, though possibly we have more pretension and less comfort. "Success" is the best of this collection of stories, and reminds us more of the author of *Patty* than anything else in the book; there is more of the old pathos, the fine touches which tell so much, and the individuality of character which we look for from her pen. Indeed, the German stories are throughout much the best, and all are good, if not powerful.

Let those who dislike a dialect avoid this book; for its principal charm lies in the quaint sayings and the native idiom of the fisher folk of the Isle of Man. To many people the independent "little island" is untrodden ground, and yet it must surely be a lovely land and well worth the visiting if, as Mrs. Barr tells us, "in the Isle of Man it is permitted that mortals shall find in reality the intensely green verdure, the wonderful flowers, the clear air, the charmed stillness of their visions—a stillness only intensified by the everlasting murmur of the ocean, which vibrates through them like the pulse of life." True, this was half a century ago, and so many places which were quiet and lovely then are so no longer. Cavalry officers nowadays do not walk about when on leave in the country in full uniform; but they did do it then, according to Mrs. Barr. Much more wonderful things happened then. Plover's eggs were to be found when the "laburnums were dropping flowers of gold and the fuchsia hedges were a glorious wonder of scarlet and purple bells; the subtle woody smell of wallflowers enthralled the senses; white lilies lighted up the pansy beds." It is a sweet picture, and it is sad to remember that plover's eggs are found in the early spring, and that laburnums and fuchsias are never in flower together nor at that time of year. We presume that George Pennington is the idol whose feet were clay, and we consider that he is most leniently treated in being so described, seeing that he has every vice, and no virtue except good looks. Mrs. Barr is at her best when she writes of the people, and one choice passage we must quote—Bella Clucas's father speaks:—

"Listen, Bella, my lass. You'll be givin' no encouragement to the like of Captain Pennington; a poor scamp he is. I'm thinkin' little of him, spite of his nice ways—bad at the core, and fond of sin, and takin' his full of it—and nothin' at all in him for you to be trustin' to—and a stranger, and nobody knowin' anythin' of the men afore him—and not religious, nor even the make-believe of it—aw, a bad lot, and plannin' and schemin', and never straight on all sides."

"Aw, then, who is straight on all sides, father?"

"I am plumb straight; and so is your brother Gale; allis sayin' the thing we mane and doing the thing that's right."

"Chut, father; I'm never seein' the man yet who hadn' a fault—"

"Ould David's son"

The wise he was, and put in the Bible
For the wise he was; but unfortin libble

To women, and that's the way it is
There isn't one of us hasn't a list
To port or starboard."

Aw, bless me, faults enough in all of us!"

Bella Clucas is a charming, well-drawn character, and there is nothing unusual in the fact that she is fascinated by a worthless scamp. The *dénouement* is well imagined, and not conventional. With many faults, the book has many virtues.

We are told that *A Dash of Bitter* is a temperance story, and it may be very satisfactory and comforting to the earnest votaries of the Blue Ribbon to read of the awful fate of the young man who mingled "bitter" with soda-water, and forthwith perished—morally! It is good also for the water-drinkers to hear and believe that a course of *aqua pura* will develop all the physical qualities, and that a young man so treated will, with little instruction and less practice, become perforce a splendid cricketer, runner, jumper, boxer, and cyclist, even if he cannot make a living by his pen, and proves himself to be in every other walk of life "nine distinct sorts of a born fool." We presume this book was written with the object of convincing erring mortals of the value of temperance, or rather of total abstinence, for there is nothing temperate in its pages; but no reasonable being is likely to be moved by a statement so entirely one-sided and absurd. Every man who, in the refined language of the author, "tastes," is, or becomes, a drunkard and a scoundrel, and the only woman who so far forgets herself is depicted as a very unpleasant person. The description of her married life will serve as a specimen of the general style of Mr. Deane Hilton's composition:—

The gallant Fallow married Rosalind in due course, but they did not get on very well. He would devote himself to the turf, and associate with a loud, fast set—a set which his wife, who liked to mix with people of genius, despised, and this led to friction. Her temper did not improve, for she was disappointed in her marriage—it had not brought her half the social distinction she had expected. When she was sarcastic, her husband answered not again, but drank copiously till he made a beast of himself. Gradually they drifted apart, and led a miserable life, each having a contempt for the other's pursuits.

Nothing but disgust can be aroused by this miserable attempt at writing, and the Band of Hope must surely feel something akin to despair when their cause is pleaded by such a damaging advocate.

This is that Daughter of Pharaoh who picked Moses out of the bulrushes, although by the showing of her chronicler, Mr. Edgar Lee, she cannot possibly be the same illustrious lady who caused that son of Israel to be instructed in the wisdom of the Egyptians. We do not wish to be hypercritical, and will overlook this discrepancy. The name of this Princess was Zillah, and we are introduced to her in company with her husband Hilmy at the Derby, where the author makes their acquaintance and earns their eternal gratitude, love, and confidence by rescuing them from a band of infuriated "nigger minstrels." Hilmy does not speak English well, but is found to be quite at home in French. We are further convinced of this by hearing that he says he is "ennuyant," when he wishes to say he is bored, and by learning that he habitually sinks into a luxurious velvet rocking "fauteuil," and that he has been enclosed in "buttressed murailllements." In such a language, which is perhaps not exactly French, he held converse with the author, and eventually confided to him a manuscript which contains the history of his life and love. At this point we discovered for the first time that this book was intended to be serious, and quite seriously we are told that Zillah and Hilmy, having been unhappy in their loves in the days of Moses, drank deep of a certain drug known to an ancient Saga, and sank to sleep in the Catacombs. Proper means were adopted to have Hilmy awakened by the administering of other drugs when he had had a comfortable sleep for some hundreds of years, and from that time forward he played the part of a peripatetic Jack-in-the-box through the ages, waiting for a century good and pure enough to waken Zillah in. The early history of Zillah does not appear of a nature to necessitate such stringent precautions. She had no scruples about telling a useful lie, nor about taking all the jewels she could find to be buried with her in the Catacombs; where, by-the-bye, they thrive wonderfully, for being planted jewels they grew into millions, and by their aid Hilmy created quite a sensation at the Court of Solomon, ransomed Christians in the days of Nero, and played the most important parts in the most thrilling scenes in the histories of all times and all countries. Eventually we take leave of these restless Orientals in the London season of 1885. They have made up their minds to try the twentieth century, as it is impossible that it can be worse than the nineteenth. Here the allusions to real persons and events are in the worst possible taste, and the description of the manners, customs, and conversation of "Society" out-Herods Herod; and all this stuff is dedicated, without an apology, to Mr. Rider Haggard!

There is very little to be said about *Trollope's Dilemma*, although it purports to be written about "a Cambridge Quad." A tearful young woman with two lovely blue eyes, hair of rich, tawny gold, and a creamy complexion, is widowed in the beginning of the book, distraught in the middle, and remarried at the end, all in the Quad, and Trollope's dilemma appears to have been how he, the senior tutor, was to induce her, the lovely weeping one, to leave that Quad. Of course, all the undergraduates fall victims to the lachrymose beauty, whose frequent weeping does not seem to have possessed the power of swelling

her features and reddening her eyes, as is usually the case with less fortunate women. The whole story is improbable, and, we trust, impossible. There is a maudering religious sentiment throughout which in no way adds to the merit of this very stupid little book, and the only strong point to be discovered anywhere is the unconditional praise of the old '57 port!

Miss Davis, of Brooklyn, is represented as a beautiful young woman, with lovely clothes and many lovers. She has many friends, all beautiful young women, with lovely clothes and many lovers, and an illegitimate sister. All the young women are engaged to be married; some of them to the right men, in which case they break off the engagement and betroth themselves, from the highest possible motives, to the wrong men. Some are engaged to the wrong men, and then they take comfort by passionate love-scenes with the right men. It is a perpetual shuffle, cut, and deal again. There is a story certainly, an undercurrent of illegitimate sister, with a little transparent plot which serves as a groundwork for the "gowns" and "creations," the bouquets, bracelets, clasped hands, clinging arms, longing eyes, passionate lips, yielding forms, ridiculous misunderstandings, and meaningless reconciliations which fill nearly two hundred pages. We fail to see the object of this work in its present form, where none but a sentimental schoolgirl or the conscientious critic would read it, and would suggest that a fitting place should be found for it in some magazine of fashion, where the descriptions of the "gowns" at least would be intelligible to the initiated.

A VILLAGE PROPAGANDA.*

BETWEEN the Don and the Dee, in Aberdeenshire, there is a stream which bears the title of "Water," a designation which, as all Scotchmen and many Englishmen are aware, signifies something bigger than a burn, and not big enough to be styled a river. On this water is situated the village of Rhynie—a bleak spot, if the photograph on the title-page is to be trusted. Near it is the Hill or Tap o' Noth, of which minister and congregation, the village schoolmaster and his scholars, are justly proud. Indeed, when an envious neighbour thought proper to exalt the claims of another mountain known as the Buck of the Cabrach, and in the poetical columns of a county paper ventured to speak disrespectfully of the Tap o' Noth, he was so sternly and effectively rebuked for his presumption by a member of the respected local house of Troup and Smith that he was at once silenced, and his discomfiture is remembered to this day. It seems that about forty years ago the village of Rhynie was one of the quietest, not to say the dullest, abodes in the Highlands. There were certainly castles, Druidical circles, and sculptured stones in the neighbourhood to reward the curiosity of the antiquary and the scholar. But the more adventurous portion of the population had gone off to find employment in large towns. The remainder consisted of small tradesmen, crofters, farmers, and hired servants. The "merchants," as they are often termed, could put their hands to any "agricultural operation." Young men and women, the sons and daughters of the house, threshed out the corn and beat the hirlings and hinds at their own work. In the winter the parish school was well attended. There was very little to disturb order or enliven the monotony of existence. A few games on the village green in the fine summer evenings, the arrival of the Lord Forbes coach or the carrier, a raffle at the smithy, a shooting match at the Bridge of Bogie, and, *pace* the ministers of three kirks, a Christmas *soirée* and a ball, were the only incidents to diversify the trivial round and the common task. In ecclesiastical circles this peaceful region was known as "the Dead Sea of Strathbogie." All of a sudden the district woke up. The first quickening was caused by the Kirk secession of 1843. Then came the formation of the Rhynie Mutual Instruction Class, originally consisting of twelve members, who were to decide on a list of subjects to be discussed. Each member out of the list so made was bound to select some one subject, and write an essay. And every member was to occupy the chair in turn. We own that we are slightly perplexed by some bye-law, engrafted on simple rules otherwise well calculated to preserve order and method, to the effect that, while discussions on religious subjects were not allowed, yet, by the special permission of the Society or Class, "religious essays of a non-controversial character might be read." What chairman or Præses, in a meeting of hard-headed Scotchmen of the Established Kirk, the Free Kirk, and the United Presbyterian would guarantee that any theological essay whatever would be void of all occasion of strife? However, the difficulty may have been got over by the establishment of a separate theological class before which essays were read by young men "of similar religious opinions." We cannot undertake to follow the fortunes of this Mutual Instruction Class through all the stages of its development. It soon had its officials in the shape of a corresponding secretary, a local secretary, and a Censor. To the latter we can well believe that very peculiar and delicate duties were assigned, calling for the exercise of much discretion and tact. Then there were other Societies on the same model, and afterwards a Union

* *An Aberdeenshire Village Propaganda Forty Years Ago.* By Robert Harvey Smith, M.A. With an Introduction by William Alexander, LL.D., Author of "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk." Edinburgh: David Douglas 1889.

for combined action and mutual aid. Libraries were formed. The twelve members of the original class swelled into more than eleven hundred. One hundred and twenty-six lectures were delivered in less than five years. More than ten thousand copies of periodicals and pamphlets were circulated by the various Societies. On the art of public speaking much stress was laid. And we are not surprised to hear that the young men's example was followed by the young women, who also formed a Female Mutual Instruction Class, and managed judiciously to combine practice in reading, writing, and arithmetic with the more ambitious delivery of essays. The formation of this branch must not be taken as a proof of previous female intellectual deficiency; for a rash speaker at one of the meetings was promptly and severely called to account by some indignant ladies for hinting that they were not as fully educated as the men.

We have no intention to depreciate the force and usefulness of Societies by which Scotchmen, in a dull and remote district of the Highlands, have been roused from torpor, and encouraged to pursue their studies at some one of the Scotch Universities and to become active colonists and journalists, and missionaries in the East. But we must remind the author that we have to take a good deal of this literary and social activity on trust. Beyond some rather indifferent poetry, and one or two extracts from the essays contributed by the speakers, we have few specimens, if any, of persuasive eloquence. Lists of office-bearers, summaries of societies, dates of meetings, titles of the subjects of discussion, are scattered through these pages, and it is almost superfluous to say that the speakers and writers must all have been Liberals of a somewhat advanced type. We question, however, whether a debate on the Divine Right of Kings was not rather a century behind its time. It might have furnished matter for controversy about the date of the Forty-five, but not later. And it is a curious instance of the secret conservatism of the Scottish character that, while the author notes with approval the career of Mr. McCombie, who declaimed against excessive game preservation in Aberdeen, and of Mr. Macdonell, who was on the staff of the *Scotsman* newspaper when edited by the late Mr. Russel, he takes an evident pride in narrating the achievements of the men of Rhynie after the battle of Culloden. A large portion of the Pretender's army came from Banff and Aberdeenshire. Rhynie itself was defended for Prince Charlie against the troops of the Duke of Cumberland by one Anderson of Mill Town, who removed the stepping-stones of a ford and blocked the road with farm implements, carts, and branches of trees. The dragoons of the House of Hanover ran off as fast as did the forces of Johnnie Cope, and, we regret to add, are credited by tradition with uttering the most horrible and profane oaths.

On the whole, although this little work is not without some positive merit, as showing what may be done in divers walks of life by energetic Scotchmen of humble origin and scanty means to achieve independence, it will hardly attract the English reader. The few specimens given of Scotch humour are not particularly striking. Very likely the father of the village, one Peter Smith, had a marked individuality, and in some hands would have enlivened many pages with some of the good stories attributed to him. But the author has not allowed us to judge of Peter's capacity. We may notice in conclusion that Mr. Alexander Allardyce was educated at the parish school of Rhynie and belonged to its Mutual Instruction Class. His novel of the *City of Sunshine*, founded entirely on his Indian knowledge and experience, was reviewed in these columns on its appearance, and we never met any one Anglo-Indian who did not admit that, as a picture of native life, it was full, graphic, and accurate. Minute acquaintance with Oriental character had been worked up into a novel, in its own line as good as *Dustypore* or the *Cæruleans*. So let Mr. Allardyce be carried to the credit of the "Village Propaganda."

MEMORABLE LONDON HOUSES.*

THERE are two principal points in which this book differs from the standard work on the subject, Mr. Laurence Hutton's *Literary Landmarks*. It is so small that it can be put into a pocket, and it is profusely illustrated with little vignettes from drawings by Mr. G. N. Martin. Besides these differences, the arrangement in routes is to be noted, and is convenient. Mr. Hutton's book is a treatise. Mr. Harrison's is a guide-book, in which the *Literary Landmarks* is of necessity very often quoted, but the *Memorable Houses* are not all those of literary celebrities. George Peabody and Sir Benjamin Brodie, Lord Clive and Lord Palmerston, Thomas Gainsborough and Daniel Maclise, all are included. Mr. Harrison, however, only points out houses which are still more or less as they were while occupied by the celebrities he names. To this rule there are many exceptions, but Byron's birthplace in Holles Street, which has been rebuilt, is left unmentioned; so is Mulready's in Linden Gardens, and Maurice's in Bolton Row, now Curzon Street. We also remark the omission, in the notice of Charles Reade's residence at Albert Gate, to remind the reader that this was the "Naboth's Vineyard" so often referred to by the novelist and his friends, that it has been completely altered by "restora-

tion," and that the vine and fig-tree in the front garden have totally disappeared. We could mention some other omissions and a few errors, but no book dealing with so many names and dates can, especially at its first appearance, be absolutely faultless. The whole subject is of interest, not to the sightseer only, but to every intelligent person, whether Cockney or otherwise. By the way, Mr. Harrison has nothing to say about the City or the East End. Perhaps he thinks that the kind of eminence attained by a fortune made in business is below his notice; but some people would like to know where Peabody's office was, where Morrison and Thornton and others made their millions, and to have pointed to them the spot from which the Rothschilds control the finance of the world. London is a wide place, and it must be confessed that nearly all the old City houses have been removed or renewed in the past few years. On the whole we may find this neat, unpretending little book a very pleasant and useful pocket companion in the western portion of London.

A MODERN CHESS INSTRUCTOR.*

IT is some years since Mr. Steinitz undertook to write a new handbook of chess, and his superiority as a player over all his contemporaries accounts for the interest with which the appearance of this work has been looked for. It has been delayed, no doubt, by the various contests in which the author has been engaged, from the memorable Zukertort match to the fight with Tschigorin at the Havannah, early in the present year. Since the London Tournament of 1883 Mr. Steinitz has never been beaten in a set match. Though he did not play in the American Tournament, in which M. Tschigorin tied for first place with Herr Weiss, he took a large part in the arrangement of that contest, and is charged with the preparation of its permanent record. Mr. Steinitz rather grandiloquently announces his intentions with regard to *The Book of the Sixth American Congress*, which is to be of "extraordinary and rare value from the antiquarian point of view." All that is meant by this is that a limited edition of the book will be issued to subscribers only, the copies being consecutively numbered, and the name of each subscriber being printed on the title-page. The paper is to have an appropriate watermark, which "is sure to add a very rare bibliographical value to the book," but it is not accurate to say that such a device has never been employed before in order to give a special value to a special work or edition.

With so much on his hands at the same time, it is to the credit of Mr. Steinitz that he has been able to produce at any rate an instalment of his promised handbook. Though this first part is of necessity somewhat provisional and tentative, and the field of analysis is barely half covered, it probably displays nearly all the distinctive features which the author intends his *Instructor* to possess, and it may therefore be considered in some sense as though it were complete. We may say at once that Mr. Steinitz's handbook will be very serviceable to students and to every master of the game; but it is not likely to do for this generation all that Staunton's *Handbook* did for the last generation. Staunton was remarkably successful in his effort to give the average intelligent chess-player just what he needed about the theory and practice of chess, supplemented by a careful selection of examples from actual play. His work has been the companion and guide of all contemporary players, and its merits have been attested over and over again. Mr. Steinitz himself frequently quotes the *Handbook*, and never disputes its authority, though he, if any one, might fairly claim the right to do so. The fact is that, so far as Staunton goes, which is as far as the analysis of his day could carry him, his work was done once for all, and could not easily be improved upon. Mr. Steinitz thinks himself bound to begin at the beginning, with pictures of the pieces, and diagrams to show how they are to be moved. After this apparatus for young beginners there are a few chapters for *dilettanti*, "an essay on the principles of the game," and an excellent analysis of six of the more popular openings, with illustrative games to each opening. As the analysis marks the highest point hitherto attained in the practice of chess, it is manifest that Mr. Steinitz cannot be charged with any lack of comprehensiveness in his plan. Indeed, this comprehensiveness is carried so far that the author devotes one-sixth of his volume to a record of the games in his last-played match with Tschigorin—not, perhaps, because the games are exceptionally good, or useful for the purpose of illustration, but because they are his last, and deserve to be recorded somewhere. A more homogeneous character would have been secured for the *Instructor* if these games had been left enshrined in the *International Chess Magazine*, where, we are glad to see, Mr. Steinitz has been content to leave the matters of keen personal debate which have from time to time arisen between himself and a few of his contemporaries.

The distinction implied in the use of the term "modern chess" by Mr. Steinitz and other recent writers is one of considerable importance, and is clear enough to be stated in a few words. According to the best theory of the game, as now understood by its most able exponents, the object to be kept in view in a contest between two masters is very much the same as the object of two skilful duellists armed with the rapier. The players have to

* *Memorable London Houses*. By Wilmot Harrison. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

* *The Modern Chess Instructor*. By W. Steinitz. Part I. New York: Putnam's Sons. 1889.

maintain positions which, assuming the best play on either side, are exactly equal, White having no appreciable or no necessary advantage as a result of the first move. They cross blades, thrust and parry, on true scientific principles, watching carefully all the time for an opportunity of delivering an effective attack. Coolness in the long run is a greater virtue than dash; an impatient onslaught is rarely successful, and brilliancy is of little avail against soundness. Theoretically, the best moves on both sides lead inevitably to a draw, and the first mistake, if not counterbalanced by a mistake on the other side, loses the game. "Among first-class masters," says Mr. Steinitz, "the capture of the King is the ultimate, but not the first, object"—that is to say, there is no headlong rush for the mate, but a marshalling of the whole combined force, and a steady pressure at every point, until a bolder attack is invited by a manifestation of weakness. Mr. Steinitz adds other maxims as characteristic of the modern school, and notably recommends a more liberal use of the King as "a strong piece, both for attack and defence." His critics deny the soundness of some of his views in this particular, and we are not inclined to decide where such learned doctors disagree. But there can be no question as to the soundness of the general principles adopted by the leading masters of the present day. The author quotes a calculation made by Mr. Edwyn Anthony, to the effect that "the number of ways of playing the first ten moves on each side is 169518,829100,544000,000000,000000." It will readily be admitted that there can be no such thing in the theory of the game as a beaten track to victory through this countless multiplicity of moves.

The openings (of which Mr. Steinitz analyses and illustrates the Ruy Lopez, the Knights' Games, and the Scotch Gambit, with Petroff's, Philidor's, and the Two Knights' Defences) should not be considered, though they often are considered, as royal roads to success. They are simply tracks through the forest, leading easily with weaker antagonists to a winning superiority, but just as easily blocked by the best play of an equal foe. They are familiar, and therefore popular; they have been explored, surveyed, and mapped out, so that any one who will be at the pains of studying them may travel safely where there was once no route. They open up extremely interesting positions; but other positions quite as interesting may be found by any wayfarer who chooses to cut a path for himself, without guide or chart. The most that can be said for the recognized openings and defences is that they are proved and tested methods of initiating a game, up to the points where thorough analysis has been able to follow them, and that, for the first three or four moves on either side, they probably comprise the soundest methods which could be adopted. But, whilst players of the standing of Mr. Steinitz or the late Dr. Zukertort continue to recommend new variations on old lines of attack and defence, or even new second moves, it is impossible to say that the art of chess is stereotyped so far as the earlier moves are concerned.

The form in which Mr. Steinitz has seen good to cast his illustrative and analysed games is not without its advantages, though it is complicated, and on first acquaintance obscure. He arranges five or six games in columns, with references to the analysis printed on the opposite page. For the diagrams, when there are any, we have frequently to turn over a leaf, so that the analysis of a single game is often on three, and occasionally on four pages. But the exposition is admirably clear and systematic, and the preliminary tables of variations on each opening, with the author's notes thereon, are especially valuable. Another feature worthy of mention is the constant comparison of analogous positions, to which the arrangement of the games in parallel columns readily lends itself. The book has one serious blemish in common with most chess-books. It abounds in typographical errors, on which subject Mr. Steinitz may have a crow to pluck with the learned Professor whom he thanks in his preface for correcting the proofs. No demur need be made to such expressions as *mens sana in corpora sana*, for it is quite time that we exacted some show of originality in the use of over-quoted phrases. But mis-named pieces and wrongly applied symbols and directions should have been entirely eliminated from a handbook of so much importance as the *Modern Chess Instructor*.

THE BLAMELESS ETHIOPIANS.*

IT was remarked some months ago in these pages that Mr. Froude not only wrote many books himself, but was the cause of many books being written. Certainly the latter process will be repeated as long as Mr. Froude chooses to go about the world and, after a visit of a few days, or even hours, airily dispose of problems which have cost local authorities and the home Government anxious thought, it may be, for generations. In distant regions it is too much to expect that a proper estimate should be placed upon his works. The inhabitants of Australia, New Zealand, or the West Indies see palpable errors in his statements; they know that those statements are widely circulated and read with interest; and their soul burns within them to refute the errors which concern themselves. They do not consider that in England men turn to a book by Mr. Froude for pleasant reading; but that no serious person would dream of founding an argu-

ment upon a statement contained in it, much less of initiating a policy. We do not, therefore, blame Mr. Thomas—a negro himself, as we gather from the book—for taking up the cudgels on behalf of his African brethren, whom he believes Mr. Froude has grievously wronged in his *English in the West Indies*; but we see no reason why, on account of Mr. Froude's alleged misdeeds, we should have a barbarous word forced on the English language, and we prefer to head our notice with another title, of which we will make a present to Mr. Thomas. By "Froudacity" we conclude Mr. Thomas means to imply the "mendacity" of Mr. Froude; but it might just as well mean his "sagacity," or "audacity," or anything else of a similar termination.

Mr. Thomas first of all addresses himself to the easy and now familiar task of controverting Mr. Froude's optical and aural delusions; he saw a place at Grenada surrounded by forest trees, which coloured the water with a violet tint, when every one knows there are no forest trees within two miles of it; he heard Barbadians "speak pure English, the voices being without the smallest Transatlantic intonation," while Mr. Anthony Trollope is a witness that they all speak with a drawl and a strong nasal twang. Mr. Thomas might have added that his author had the power of seeing fire-flies glancing among the orange-trees of Barbadoes, when it is the unhappy peculiarity of that island that fire-flies cannot be induced to live there. These are minor points, however; the main purport of the book is to oppose Mr. Froude's forecast that, should an epoch arise when the blacks were allowed to assume the governing powers of the West India Islands, a relapse into barbarism would be the result. Here Mr. Thomas's argument becomes a little confused. He asserts, on the one hand, that there has never been any hard-and-fast white-master and black-slave theory; that for two hundred years before the negro emancipation of 1838 there had existed in those then British colonies no prohibition on the ground of race or colour against the owning of slaves; and that as a consequence numbers of blacks, half-breeds, and other non-Europeans constituted a very considerable portion of the slave-holding sections of those communities. On the other hand, he points to alleged instances of injustice on the part of petty magistrates and maladministration of the Governors of Trinidad to show that the negro population is systematically kept under by the colonial authorities, and prevented from exercising its legitimate influence. But from his statement above it would seem that a "considerable section," at all events, started on equal terms with their white neighbours as to social and material advantages, and a much larger proportion ought now to be at the top than the few exceptions we know of so well. After the manner of his race Mr. Thomas has plenty of words at his command, but the residuum of practical conclusions is small indeed. From the chapters on "Social Revolution" and "West Indian Confederation" we derive no help towards the solution of those problems; but we rejoice to see that, as to the "Religion for Negroes," Mr. Thomas believes that the old Christian faith is making its way, and scoffs at any return to obeahism or devil-worship. So far as we are aware, notwithstanding the title of his book, the English in the West Indies have never acknowledged that Mr. Froude represented their views, and we do not know why Mr. Thomas assumes that he does. In the last fifty years the African race has made great progress, and the result is seen in the various positions of trust and authority which are held by men of colour. But progress to be permanent must be gradual, and it is no use arguing from the fitness of certain men for certain places that the whole race, which has suffered from admitted disadvantages, should suddenly be deemed qualified for any and every position; nor is it any kindness to flatter them with inflated language of this kind. The author quotes with delight the following panegyric of the Rev. P. H. Doughlin, Rector of St. Clement's, Trinidad, who, we learn, is also "a brilliant star among the sons of Ham." He says:—

Who could, without seeming to insult the intelligence of men, have predicted on the day of emancipation that the negroes, then released from the blight and withering influence of ten generations of cruel bondage, so weakened and half-destroyed, so denationalized and demoralized, so despoiled and naked, would be in the position they are now? In spite of the proud, supercilious, and dictatorial bearing of their teachers, in spite of the hampering of unsympathetic alien oversight, in spite of the spirit of dependence and servility engendered by slavery, not only have individual members of the race entered into all the offices of dignity in Church and State, as subalterns, as hewers of wood and drawers of water, but they have attained to the very highest places. Here, in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, are to be found surgeons of the negro race, solicitors, barristers, mayors, councillors, principals and founders of High schools and colleges, editors and proprietors of newspapers, archdeacons, bishops, judges, and authors—men who not only teach those immediately around them, but also teach the world. Members of the race have even been entrusted with the administration of Governments. And it is not mere commonplace men that the negro race has produced. Not only have the British Universities thought them worthy of their honorary degrees, and conferred them on them, but members of the race have won these University degrees. A few years back a full-blooded negro took the highest degree Oxford has to give to a young man. The European world is looking with wonder and admiration at the progress made by the negro race—a progress unparalleled in the annals of the history of any race.

This is "tall talk," reminding us of Mr. Jefferson Brick, and might be subjected to a considerable amount of criticism if it were worth while; but Mr. Thomas himself is not to be outdone by his friend:—

Leaving aside the writings of men of such high calibre as F. Douglas, Dr. Hyland Garnet, Professor Crummell, Professor E. Blyden, Dr. Tanner, and others, it is gratifying to be able to chronicle the Ethiopian women of North America as moving shoulder to shoulder with the men in the

* *Froudacity*. West Indian Fables by James Anthony Froude explained by J. J. Thomas. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1889.

highest spheres of literary activity. Among a brilliant band of these our sisters, conspicuous no less in poetry than in prose, we single out but a solitary name, for the double purpose of preserving brevity, and of giving in one embodiment the ideal Afro-American woman of letters. The allusion here can scarcely fail to point to Mrs. S. Harper. This lady's philosophical subtlety of reasoning on grave questions finds effective expression in a prose of singular precision and vigour. But it is as a poet that posterity will hail her in the coming ages of our Race. For pathos, depth of spiritual insight, and magical exercise of a rare power of self-utterance, it will hardly be questioned that she has surpassed every competitor among females—white or black—save and except Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with whom the gifted African stands on much the same plane of poetic excellence.

We are glad to say that Mr. Thomas's final words of advice to those whom he describes as having the same "pigment under the epidermis" as himself are "Work, hope, and wait." This is sensible enough, and is far more wholesome than fulsome periods like the above. The laws of the West Indies, as a whole, are equitably and firmly administered, and education is extending and is doing its work. There is, on their own showing, no real bar to the advancement of a black man to the highest offices, and if he obtains them it will be by hard work and merit. He will find himself neither hindered by the sombre prognostications of Mr. Froude nor assisted by the flattering verbosity of Mr. Thomas.

CLAVERS.*

IT was practically certain, according to one of the most mysterious laws of life and literature, that when Mr. Mowbray Morris wrote upon Claverhouse, some short time ago, it would turn out that other people were also writing about him. That the "Southern," whoever he may be, has worked independently is proved by his not mentioning (so far as we have noticed) Mr. Morris's book, and it is all the more satisfactory to find that the researches of the two inquirers, both of whom appear to have taken great trouble, not merely with Mr. Napier's collections, but with other sources of information, old and new, come to pretty nearly the same conclusion. That conclusion, of course, is that the horns-and-tail "Clavers" of legend is a creation of sectarian spite carefully kept alive by political unscrupulousness. The "Southern" is a very careful, but not a very judicious, inquirer. His book is undigested, his style awkward, and his method not easy to follow; but there is hardly a point of Clavers's life, disputed or undisputed, on which the reader will fail to find some light. We shall ourselves only note one or two points on which his discretion seems to have waited with but a halting foot on his good-will. We do not dwell on "The Despot's Champion"—that is a mere quotation, and it seems to be the "Southern's" chief attempt to prove that Claverhouse never championed despotism in any other sense than that in which a good soldier and good subject "champions" the lawful and reasonable commands of his superiors and his sovereign.

Yet surely it is a very silly thing to say "Nothing Sir Walter Scott ever wrote is more censurable than his attributing to Balfour of Burley the crime of firing upon a flag of truce." No doubt, as Sir Walter rarely if ever wrote anything that is in this sense "censurable," the stricture is not severe; but apparently the "Southern" means it to be so. Now surely there is nothing very atrocious in attributing to a man who is already described as guilty of the brutal, cold-blooded murder of an old man—a non-combatant, a priest, in time of peace—the technical guilt of firing on a flag of truce. But, as a matter of fact, Scott does nothing of the kind. He represents Burley as giving Cornet Grahame fair warning that, by addressing the insurgents instead of their officers, he would forfeit the advantages of his flag of truce—a warning grounded, we believe, on good military authority. The Cornet neglects the warning, and, having forfeited his privileges, is shot. If anything is to be said, it is that Sir Walter was too scrupulous in taking such pains to clear the character of a traitor and murderer.

Another passage where we doubt the "Southern's" judgment is that famous one relating to the death of John Brown of Priest-hill. The "Southern" has gone very carefully through the whole tale of Clavers's murders, and has reduced those which have any tincture of evidence to five—probably the smallest amount of blood ever charged against the putter-down of an exceptionally obstinate and fanatical, if not an exceptionally great, rebellion, which had been opened by the rebels with an undoubted murder of the blackest dye. But he, too, thinks it necessary to be apologetic and dubitative about the famous "To man I can be answerable, and as for God, I will take him into mine own hand." We have before now pointed out that these words can be literally accepted; that Claverhouse's character, not only according to seventeenth-century standards, does not incur the blame of profanity, but that, on the contrary, they amount merely to a bold statement of honest conviction in the righteousness before God, as well as the justification before man, of the deed. As for the ineffable silliness to which Macaulay thought fit to lend his countenance about Claverhouse's wicked soldiers playing at Hell, and calling themselves fiends, the "Southern" takes unnecessary pains with it. It is quite sufficient to point out, as indeed he does, though he is not

content with this, that even the virulent anilities of Wodrow—the sole foundation for the legend—do not impute the thing to Claverhouse at all. This labour of supererogation is the more remarkable in that the "Southern" dismisses the really interesting case of the "Wigton martyrs"—the two Margarets who were or were not drowned—without discussing it, on the plea that Clavers was not concerned. He certainly was not; but so much capital has been made out of implications and innuendoes that he was, that a rehandling of the case, or at least a summary of the evidence, would better have deserved two pages than the childish folly about Tophet and the dragoons whipping each other and calling each other by the names of devils.

The account of that brief but wonderful career between the sally from Edinburgh and the "chariot of fire" at Killiecrankie, which drew a reluctant kind of admiration from Macaulay himself, is minutely, if not very graphically, done. And, indeed, the whole book may be commended as a sufficiently thorough, if not very artistic, piece of work. That it will kill the lies any more than Mr. Morris's book did we do not in the least expect. A lie is in its nature immortal until, and even after, it and its authors receive their place in the bottomless pit. The only thing to be done is to insist on the truth as forcibly and as often as may be. And the truth about Dundee is, that he was a brave and loyal soldier and statesman, whose hands were rather unusually free from blood in a time when blood was not a matter about which people cared much; who was inviolably faithful to his side in a time when men chopped and changed like chameleons; a man of irreproachable private life in a time of dissoluteness; and a man of exceptional bravery at a time when almost all men were brave.

NOVELS.*

THE fare which Mr. Norris provides for his readers is not exactly strong meat, but in its way it is agreeable enough; a sort of five-o'clock tea, with nicely-cut bread and butter, and wholesome palatable cake. We may reckon on being introduced to some people of rank, and if we have a lurking suspicion about some of their ways, we check ourselves with the reflection that critics dwelling, as every one knows, in Grub Street are very liable to error in such delicate questions of social nuance. At any rate, we make the acquaintance of a set of ladies and gentlemen who are nothing if not decorous, and whose conversation compensates perhaps in sprightly good humour for what it lacks in brilliancy and depth. The repartees doing duty for sarcasm remind us rather of the alphabetical list projected by the hero of *Happy Thoughts* than of the pages of *Edmond* or *Vanity Fair*; however, they are quite up to the average of what passes current in real life. The various characters in the story are natural so far as they go, and suffer, if at all, merely from general debility of constitution; the plot is ingenious, though slight, and the dénouement is happy. What more can any reasonable reader require? Nevertheless, we cannot proclaim ourselves altogether satisfied. When a novelist (of course we speak only of novelists who are to be reckoned with, not the crowd of hapless ladies and gentlemen whose works bestrew the back shelves of circulating libraries) undertakes to relate commonplace events in the lives of commonplace people (and though some of the personages in *Miss Shafte* are eccentric, none can be called original), he is in duty bound to supply some saving grace of his own, some poetry of style or keenness of insight or subtlety of analysis, or at the least a sturdy and abounding good sense. We ought to feel that we are viewing the world through a glass which is constantly being kept in focus for us, or our eyes are apt to get as weary of the spectacle as would our ears of an indefinitely prolonged personal conversation. In some of Mr. Norris's former books he appeared more or less to supply what we have indicated, but in the present volumes he seems to have left off work before he had put the finishing touches—before the *i's* were dotted and the *t's* crossed. When he is chronicling the trifling humours of society we somehow miss the amused twinkle of the eye; while the graver events in his narrative seem diluted in the telling to a uniform thin consistency of drawing-room gossip. Nor do we ever become really intimate with any of his characters; they remain to the end acquaintances rather than friends. The plot is concerned with the love affairs of a certain Lord Walter Sinclair; who, finding on his father's death that he has only 15,000*l.* in the world, becomes a successful sculptor with the happy facility distinguishing gifted amateurs in fiction. His true love, Miss Norma Shafte, is the daughter of a country squire, reduced by agricultural distress to taking a house in Upper Belgrave Street, and frittering away his money in hazardous speculations. Lord Walter retards his happiness by a passing infatuation for a pretty coquette, who jilts him in favour of a rich parvenu; and, when she is safely married, her ex-

* *Miss Shafte*. By W. E. Norris. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1889.

The Story of a Marriage. By L. Baldwin. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

Both of this Parish. By Algernon Gissing. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.

Tumbledown Farm. By Alan Muir. 2 vols. London: Spencer Blackett. 1889.

* *Clavers, the Despot's Champion: a Scots Biography*. By "A Southern." London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

admirer falls himself under the suspicion of having secretly united himself in youth to a girl of humble birth. These and other minor complications fill not inadequately the regulation three volumes. As is usual in Mr. Norris's books, the stage is peopled by minor characters, no less carefully drawn and perhaps more interesting than the hero and heroine proper. Chief among them is the Marquess of Loddondale, Lord Walter's racing, ill-reputed, but withal generous-hearted elder brother—whose wickedness, by the way, is very succinctly hinted at, and whose reported utterances, though slangy, are decidedly mild. Then there is Baron Lämmergeier, the Jew financier, more astute than honest, under whose guidance poor Mr. Shafto loses his money; and the Baron's remarkably frank wife, uttering friendly but unheeded warnings; Miss Nell Travers, a rattling, plain-spoken, good-natured old maid; Mrs. Wilton, a scheming mother; and, lastly, Mr. Basil Morley, a literary amateur, the broadest piece of caricature in the book. Thus there is no lack of variety in the entertainment, and the result may be described as distinctly good—always with the saving qualification that the author might have made it a great deal better.

The Story of a Marriage is probably the work of a very young lady, and, as such, shows decided signs of promise. The descriptions are well written, and the characters, especially some of the minor ones, are drawn with more than ordinary firmness. There is, too, a sense of reserve in treating the more emotional situations which encourages a hopeful forecast. The book is enormously long; but that, possibly, is not entirely the fault of the author. Its real weakness lies in the crudity of the views of life it embodies, and the fact that the hero, on whom the writer lavishes abundant sympathy, is with his whole heart and soul and strength a prig of the deepest dye. The book is apparently a product of that happy time of life when the conclusions deduced from a judicious "course of reading," and sanctioned possibly by the friends most admired, appear to be the absolute truth, and when all who ignore, reject, or despise them are viewed as dwelling in outer darkness or wilfully blinding themselves to the light. The period when to be "misunderstood" as to the precise aims of our efforts and emotions appears to be the direst of calamities, when all our failures are ascribed to circumstances, and not to ourselves, and when Goethe's immortal line—"Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?"—seems so precisely to fit our own, though not our neighbour's, condition. Laurence Temple, the hero of the present story, is an example of this frame of mind, pushed to an extreme happily seldom met with in real life. Filled to the eyelids with absurd fads, he falls violently in love with the beautiful daughter of a market-gardener, and marries her with the intention of educating her up to his intellectual and æsthetic level. She naturally enough imagined that she was going to wear fine clothes and do nothing for the rest of her life, and is aghast at finding her new home a simple cottage, modelled with a refinement of inept ingenuity on the dwelling of her parents. She does not appreciate Wordsworth at all, and, O horror! asks her husband to buy her some magenta ribbon. The situation shortly becomes impossible, and Mrs. Temple, after carrying on a flirtation, elopes with a lover in her own rank of life, and, on being subsequently deserted by him, most conveniently dies, thus enabling her widower, without the scandal of divorce, to marry a young lady who had long loved him, and, let us hope, will rule him with a rod of iron. Apart from the perverse misapplication of sympathy, the book, as we have said, has decided merits, and its author may do good work. The peasant wife's father and mother are very vividly sketched, and Job Tolley, her lover, with all his odious vulgarity, is thoroughly alive. Turning to a small point, could not some less cacophonous combination than Sir Stoke and Lady Poges be found for two otherwise inoffensive characters? Readers are patient; but what the last straw did is known.

Both of this Parish can best be described as a dreary muddle. Some pains seem to have been spent on it, and if it had been a first attempt we could have hoped that order might have been eventually educed from chaos; but the title-page informs us that its author has produced at least two other works, whereupon we can only "hush and bless ourselves with silence." Chipping Campden, a village in Gloucestershire, is selected as the scene, and the dialect of the district is, we doubt not, faithfully transliterated. Mr. Gissing has, however, omitted the preliminary step of making his rustics human beings. A broomstick cannot be made to look like a peasant by investing it with an authentic smock frock.

Though titled to suit the times, as auctioneers would say, *Tumbledown Farm* is not a tale of agricultural distress, but a sort of parable illustrating by a slight story the conflict between two systems of morality, the one dictated by conventional respectability, the other by the spontaneous promptings of the heart. As Pascal said in a different and more serious connexion, "Le cœur a des raisons que la raison ne connaît pas." The book is supposed to be written by a pragmatical old village chemist in literary partnership with the young and sentimental daughter of a squire. Though the device is rather too elaborately carried out, it is ingeniously conceived, and enables the author to emphasize, without incurring the reproach of direct preaching, the aspects of the spiritual conflict he narrates. The actual story, as distinguished from the commentary, is centred round a beautiful girl, endowed with generous impulses and a warm heart, but brought up among evil surroundings by a dissolute and eventually criminal father. Vanity Hardware—for under this preposterous

name or nickname the girl is made to figure throughout the book—inspires a violent passion in the breast of an honest but rather sheepish rustic youth, and after a while returns his love. She only partially reveals her circumstances, and asks her lover to forsake all his friends and elope with her to Canada. The test is too strong for his love, and he abandons Vanity for the sake of a former more demure sweetheart. Vanity's father is killed in a conflict with the police; and she herself, after many vicissitudes, marries a rich man, thus completely eclipsing in social station her former timid adorer. The execution of the book is curiously unequal. Speaking broadly, the first volume is very good, the second volume is very much the reverse of good. There is real passion in the scene where the lover is put to the touch and fails, and in the eager outpourings of Vanity's secret diary; but the chapters dealing with the habits and customs of the "cultivated" classes are lamentably flat and feeble, dissipating the impression of power which the reader preserves till the middle of the narrative.

THE YEAR-BOOK OF TREATMENT.*

TO the man in busy practice, whether as consultant or general practitioner, we think *The Year-Book of Treatment* likely to be of great value. Standard works and long treatises are not for him—indeed, he can often barely spare the time to get through his weekly medical periodicals. Yet it is essential, for his own satisfaction (if he duly appreciate his responsibilities) and for the sustenance of his professional reputation, that he should be cognizant of every improvement in the methods of coping with disease. The little book edited by Mr. Malcolm Morris enables him to do this with a minimum amount of labour. All the articles in it are by men of acknowledged capacity, and their work appears to us to have been conscientiously and satisfactorily performed. We look upon *The Year-Book of Treatment* as a praiseworthy attempt to render the experience gained by those whose investigations are particularly directed to certain portions of the wide field of medical and surgical science available for the use of the whole body of sanitary workers. We heartily commend the volume for 1889 to the notice of the medical profession.

WARWICKSHIRE PARISHES.†

A BOOK of topographical notes on a whole county, if it is to be worth anything, cannot be put together without considerable labour, and it is evident that the Rev. George Miller has not shirked the work which the preparation of this volume has demanded. He has, he tells us, visited almost every parish in Warwickshire for the purpose of gaining information, and he has recorded the results of his inquiries in a well-arranged and businesslike form. Under the name of each parish he gives some older forms of spelling, and in most cases what he believes to be the derivation of the name. Some of his derivations are decidedly worse than questionable. Perhaps the oddest, especially as coming from a Warwickshire man, is his explanation of Tamworth, which he derives from "*thun*, a town, and *varian*, to guard." If he and his pony Puck have, as he declares, "put a girdle round about the county," they must surely have crossed the Tame. He notes the landowners in the time of King Edward the Confessor and in 1087, the area given in Domesday, the later landowners, and the population and rateable value at different dates. In each case also he gives a short description of the parish church and the monuments which it contains, and records the value of the living in the Taxation of Pope Nicolas, in the *Liber Regis*, and as it stands at present, and the ornaments of the church now existing and as they were in 1552. Several of his notices include a list of incumbents; these lists would have been more valuable if he had not been deterred by a fear of making mistakes from furnishing them with dates. He could, we imagine, have found a good many of the required dates in the Institution books of the diocese, and might have put a query or left a blank where he was at a loss. Here and there it would, no doubt, be possible to find a slip in his work. For example, on turning to the parish of Congleton, we observe that the patron of the living is described as "Sir Throgmorton," and that the name of the last vicar but one is wrongly spelt. A second volume containing notes on the parishes of Worcestershire will complete the survey of the diocese. The introduction consists of some sensible and unpretentious chapters on the value of land and other kindred matters.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

"TU Marcellus eras" has always been, with a change of tense which does not lessen the pathos of the phrase, the sentiment of the Orleanist family and party in reference to the father of the Comte de Paris whose life was cut short forty-seven years ago (1). Even the most acrid political adversaries of the

* *The Year-Book of Treatment* for 1889. London: Cassell & Co.

† *The Parishes of the Diocese of Worcester*. By the Rev. George Miller, Vicar of Redway, Rural Dean, &c. 2 vols. Vol. I.—The Parishes of Warwickshire. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1889.

(1) *Lettres du Duc d'Orléans* (1825-1842). Paris: Calmann Lévy.

party and the most decided dislikers of certain characteristics, more marked than amiable, which Louis Philippe left to his descendants, if he did not inherit them from his ancestors, have been known to acknowledge with a growl that the eldest Orleans, like the youngest Tarquin, was too good for such a breed. The letters, both familiar and formal, which are here printed fortunately do nothing to dispel, and something to confirm, this favourable impression. Some of them, especially those (or some of them) written to Alfred de Musset, the Prince's schoolfellow, are known already. One of these, by the way—not, we think, one of those previously published—contains a phrase rather ominous. The Duke de Chartres, as he then was, a boy of sixteen, and not yet made, by the success of the "Fifteen Years' Conspiracy," Prince Royal (they had the grace or the baseness, the wisdom or the folly, not to call him Dauphin) of France, went to see a manufactory of laces. "Pendant que nous examinions avec étonnement le procédé ingénieux par lequel des bobines de différentes couleurs, en faisant une chaîne perpétuelle, formaient la tresse du lacet, un monsieur [all the commercial classes were Orleansist then] s'approcha de moi, et me dit, avec un sourire qui prouvait toute l'estime qu'il avait pour sa personne, que la chaîne de ces bobines était un ingénieux emblème de l'union de notre famille." Alas! the policy and proceedings of the House of Orleans have too often been "an ingenious mixture of different colours," instead of showing one hue dyed in grain. In the extract just given, however, a touch of satire, unexaggerated and pleasant, may be noted. And all through the book—whether the Prince is writing to private friends or describing his experiences when he served with Marshal Gérard on the not very glorious expedition where French numbers crushed the heroic resistance of Chassé and his little garrison at Antwerp; or, much later, telling how, when he and his much-enduring Duchess were "starring" in the South of France, the bold National Guard would defend their lodgings with such desperate vigilance and military precision that it was impossible to get a wink of sleep for the challenges, and marchings, and groundings of arms, and so forth—there is the same agreeable and unforced note. The Duke is a little Chauvinist here and there, of course; he would not have been good for much if, in the circumstances, he had not been. But, on the whole, he plays the modern prince very well here, exhibiting what is called "intelligent interest" in things without the hideous priggishness of a new and terrible type, which has developed itself in some royal personages since it was the fashion for them not to *faire la noce* any longer, but to learn the tongues and the ologies, and study statecraft and warcraft, and do their best or worst to plant on green shoulders the kind of head that has never been amiably green and so will never be venerably grey. The Comte de Paris has prefixed a preface of which only the ungenerous will complain that it is too much of a manifesto, and suggests his grandfather's propensity to make capital out of an "occasion," rather than the more generous and chivalric spirit of his father, as here portrayed.

M. Allaire's publication, a condensation of the memoirs of Dom Courdemanche, a Benedictine of the last century who died just on the eve of the Revolution, and who was a kind of agent in the interminable lawsuit between the Duke of Penthièvre and the Abbey of Jumièges, is an instance of honest doubt on the part of the document-hunter (2). M. Allaire admits that he has not published the whole of his MS., and we think he doubts whether he ought to have published so much. The fact is that the documents are precisely of the kind which ought to be boiled down with a little extract, by a skilful hand, in an essay of sixty or seventy pages, and no more. Dom Courdemanche was a "doer" at once stout and skilful, loyal to his own side and courteous to the other; he could open oysters (an excellent and not too common accomplishment, very suitable for his position), bear a rebuff, and not be afraid of clever M. de Florian and all his fables. The transactions in which he was engaged have their historical importance, especially as showing the unhealthy effect of certain things in the then state of France which have not been most dwelt on by praisers of the Revolution. But he is not big enough for a big octavo volume.

No country now produces more careful and useful historical monographs than France. The uncomfortable critic, it is true, sometimes objects that such books as M. Bapst's (3), while they are too much for the ordinary reader on their special subjects, do not dispense the painful historian from independent inquiry. But this is hypercriticism. M. Bapst has patiently gone through the long and curious history of the marriages or projected marriages of the "Red Tod of St. Andrews," the Scottish *Vert Galant*, James V., especially of the negotiations for other brides which preceded his short-lived union with Magdalen of France and his longer and more fateful marriage with Mary of Guise. The European interest taken in the proceedings would, of itself, give them importance, even if they had not immediately resulted in founding the Royal line of United Britain.

We only chronicle here the appearance of the first volume of a new series of French State Papers (4), and shall probably return upon it more fully.

(2) *Le Duc de Penthièvre*. Par Etienne Allaire. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Les mariages de Jacques V.* Par E. Bapst. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Recueil des actes du comité de salut public*. Par F. A. Aulard. Tome 1. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

PERHAPS some courage may be ascribed to a translator who introduces a selection of essays by Schopenhauer to the English reader with the cheering remark that the author of *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* is one of the few philosophers who can be understood without a commentary. It might be pointed out that Schopenhauer has already inspired many commentators, and that his philosophical system is not so exclusively based on observation and experience as Mr. T. B. Saunders declares in the preface to his translations, *Religion, a Dialogue, and other Essays* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) The novelty of Schopenhauer's system is, like Wagner's theory of music and its relation to the drama, to a considerable extent superficial, while its appeal as a practical philosophy to the average human intelligence has scarcely the universality of power and inspiration which has been claimed for it. Mr. Saunders thinks that Schopenhauer "brought down philosophy from Heaven to earth," because his system is of greater practical scope than those of the transcendental schools, yet it would be hard to show in what respect the "heavenly maid" or matron was rendered more attractive by the process. Such fruit of the "practical philosophy" of Schopenhauer as may be gathered from the first essay in Mr. Saunders's volume cannot be said to be one whit more profitable or convincing than the most ethereal philosophic structure ever woven out of abstract ideas by some cunning archmage of a metaphysician. In form, the essay on Religion is modelled after the master of philosophic dialogue, yet nothing could be more anti-Platonic in style or conception. Philaethes battles with Demopheles with a good deal of vigour, it is true, yet the encounter is as a bout with single-sticks. Of the subtlety of fence there is nothing. You hear, rather than feel, the blows, and when the inevitable handshaking occurs between the two, are left an unmoved spectator.

More philosophical essays, again, we have in the *Fundamental Problems* of Dr. Paul Carus (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.), a volume that treats of "Form and Formal Thought," "Causation," and other cognate themes, and offers what the author calls "a philosophy of most radical freethought" under the guise of "a systematic arrangement of positive facts." Wide is the field ranged by Dr. Carus in these discursive papers—from the *Kritik* of Kant even to Schopenhauer and Mr. Herbert Spencer—and not a little discussion, it would seem, they have provoked in Chicago circles where they "confute, change hands, and still confute." Though we cannot say that the author's method of philosophy is of the clearest possible presentment, or, indeed, readily comprehensive as a whole, there is no denying that his book offers fruitful material for a debating club of philosophers. To paraphrase a criticism of Kant, his position as a Monist is more likely to be misunderstood than to be undermined by the Chicago philosophers. Dr. Carus declares for a unitary conception of the world against supernaturalism and materialism. He is for "clear thought"—and we are with him here—against mysticism, and for "no agnosticism but positive science," which might also be commendable to our judgment, if only we were assured that positive science was a concrete term representing verifiable facts. It is very handsome in any philosopher to distinguish between the unknown and the unknowable; but to refuse to recognize the existence of the latter, as the author appears to do (p. 49), does not persuade us that positive science is a better sheet-anchor than agnosticism.

Under the suggestive title *Atlantis* (Hutchinson & Co.) we have a little volume of melodious, well varied, and unaffected lyrics, by Mr. Horace G. Groser, who shows decided aptitude in investing old legends with metrical form and a true lyrical faculty in the making of ballads. Some of the latter are a little too suggestive of the not unhealthy assimilative powers that frequently mark the young poets of the day. They recall Aytoun at times; and, again, in the "Fight of the little 'Content,'" we are minded of another poet and a greater when we read

"Fight on!" quoth he, undaunted; but our war-ships moved away;
"She will split!" the cravens shouted, "Stand aloof! 'tis death to stay."

But in "The Smiting of the Fleet," and, better still, in "The Holding of Londonderry" and "The Foster Brother," Mr. Groser is possessed with the spirit of the old ballad writers, and his verse rings strong and clear.

If Mr. Douglas Sladen's *Australian Poets* had been a little more comprehensive, and embraced the poets of New Zealand, we doubt not that Mrs. Wilson's *Themes and Variations* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) would have been fully represented in that collection. There is nothing, it is true, notably colonial in the book. Mrs. Wilson is by no means assertive, or eccentric, or prodigal of Tennysonian or Swinburnian reminiscences, as our colonial poets are apt to be. Her verse is tuneful, her manner is refreshingly unaffected, her diction refined and genuinely poetic.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's poems, noticed already in their original form as an American book, appear in an English edition dedicated to Mr. Gleeson White, as *Blooms and Brambles* (Elliot Stock). A newer claimant to poetic honours is Mr. Marcus Rickards, whose *Sonnets and Reveries* (Clifton: Baker) is obviously a first volume, and one not without promise. In "School Scenes Revisited" the writer expresses with the truth and simplicity natural to the theme a very common experience. There is more promise in this than in the more ambitious

attempts of Mr. Rickards, which are, to speak plainly, stilted or artificial.

Mr. H. Bull, C.E., prefaces a readable little book on the much-vexed question of Bimetallism and the standard of value—*The Currency Question and its Solution* (Effingham Wilson & Co.)—with the humorous observation, "If there is one science more than another in which comes into play what is usually termed 'common sense' it is the science of Political Economy." Never heretofore has the dismal science been honoured in this fashion.

Put forth as a "Medieval Pilgrim's Progress" is a translation of the "long forgotten and generally unknown" allegorical romance of Jean de Carthey—*The Wandering Knight* (Burns & Oates)—done into English from the edition of 1572, with an introductory note, by the translator, of the author and book. That Bunyan may have seen a version of this curious allegory is, of course, possible; yet no reader can say that he was in any respect indebted to the Canon of Cambrai. Between indebtedness and an accidental suggestion there is a vast difference.

We have to acknowledge Dr. Waldstein's *Catalogues of Casts in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge* (Macmillan & Co.); *Artists' Wives*, from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by Laura Ensor, illustrated by De Bieler, Myrbach, and Rossi (Routledge); *Tales from Blackwood*, No. IV., New Series (Blackwood & Sons); and *Junior School Composition*, by David Salmon (Longmans & Co.)

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